



The All NEW Stories & Art FLINTSTONES

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THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

NO. 6
SEPT.
CDC

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
15¢ Production

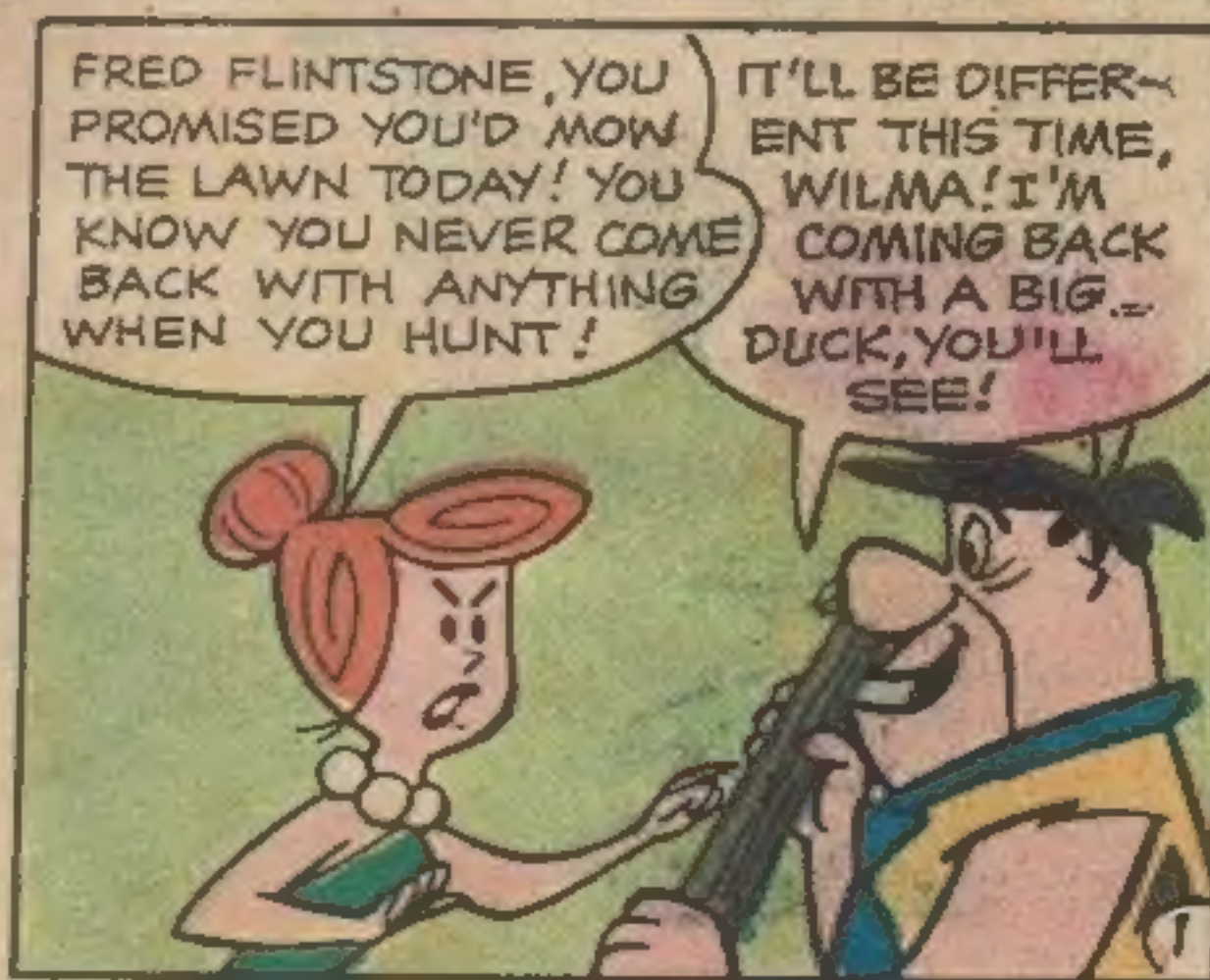
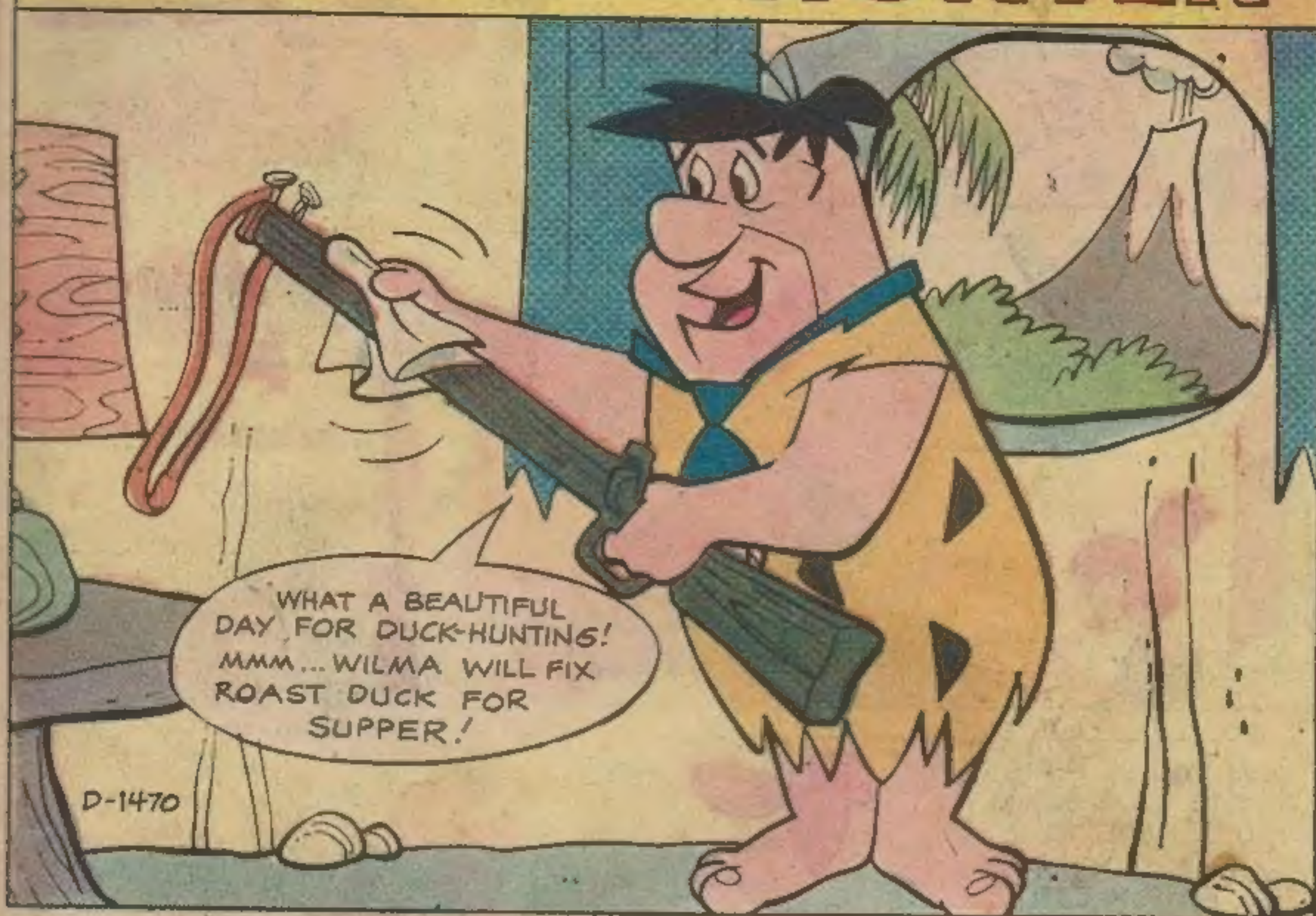


RAY
DIRGO

THE FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

in

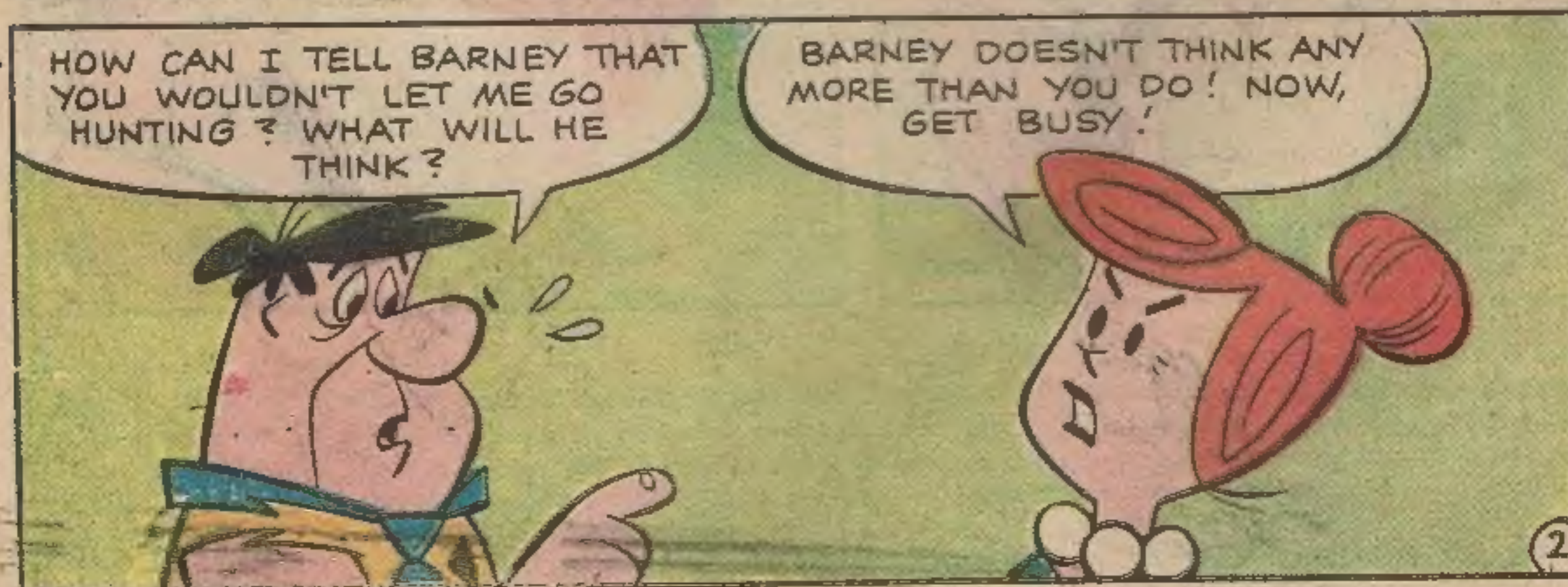
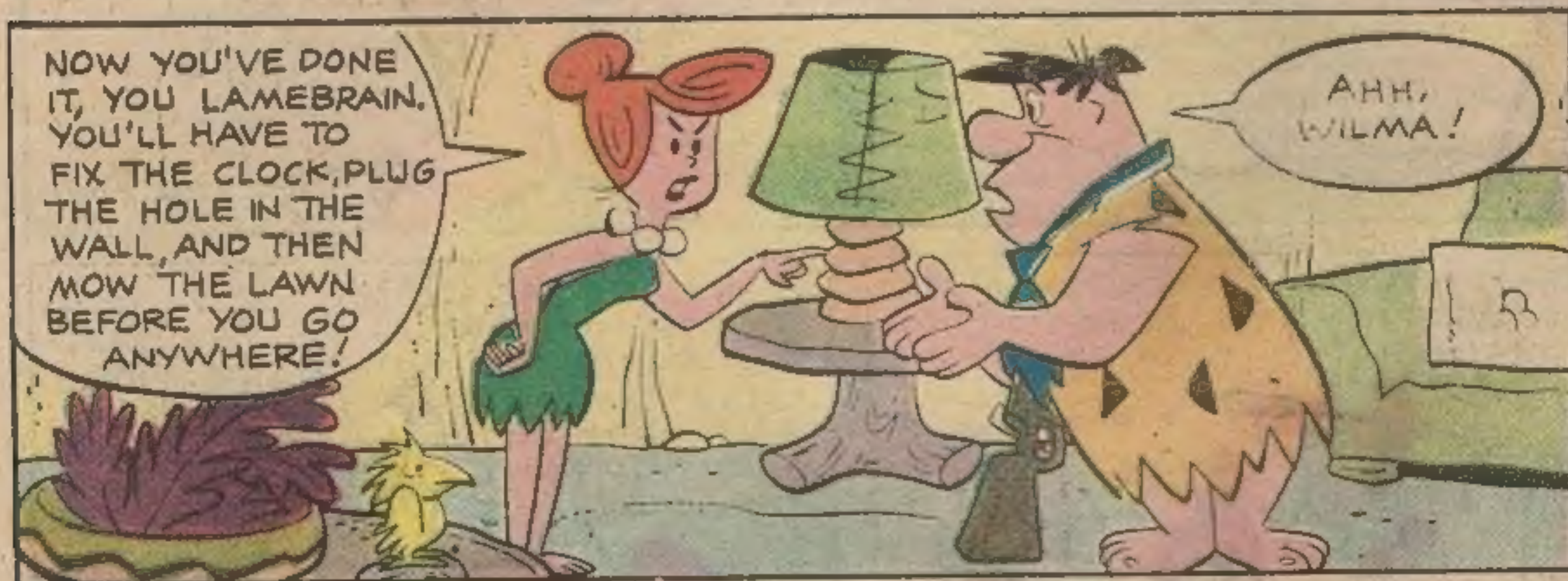
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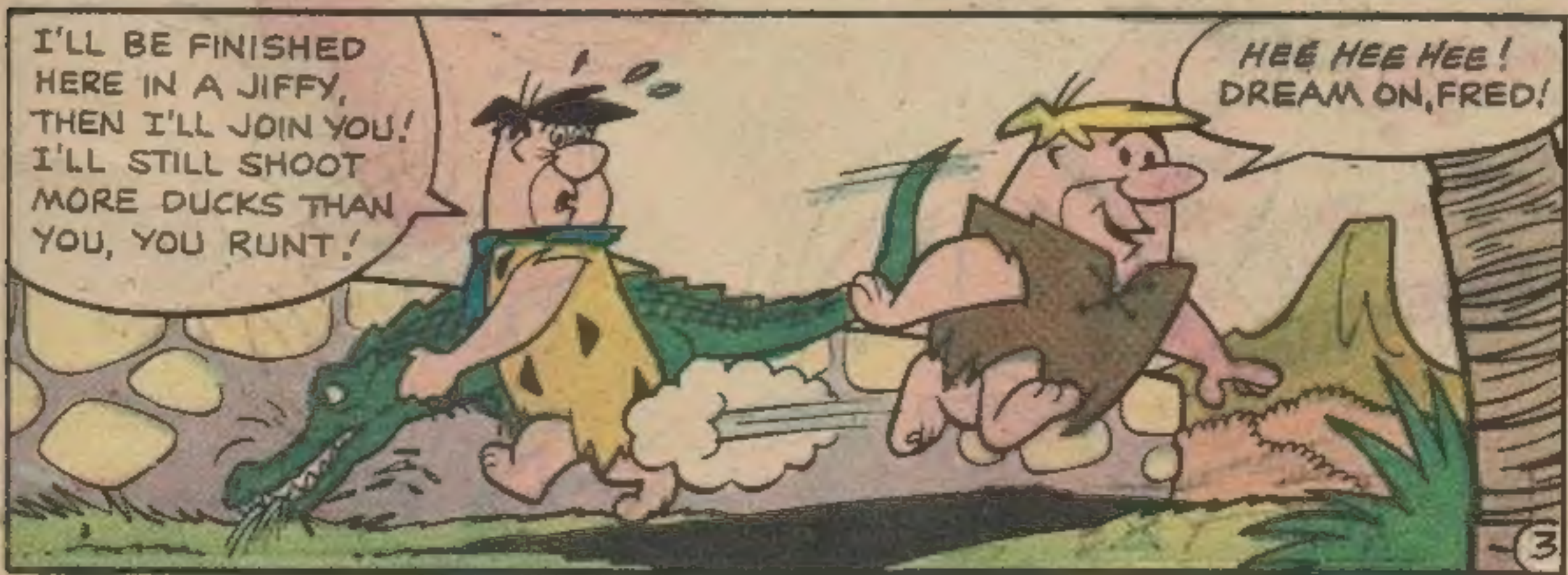
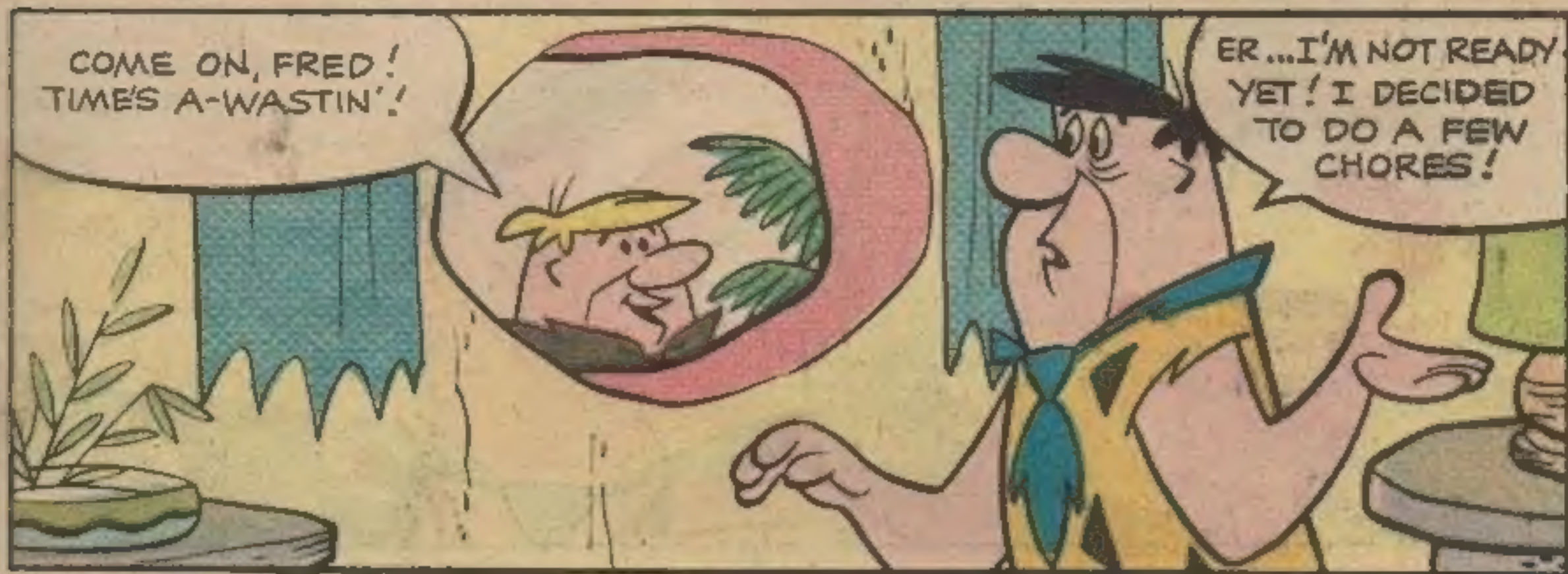
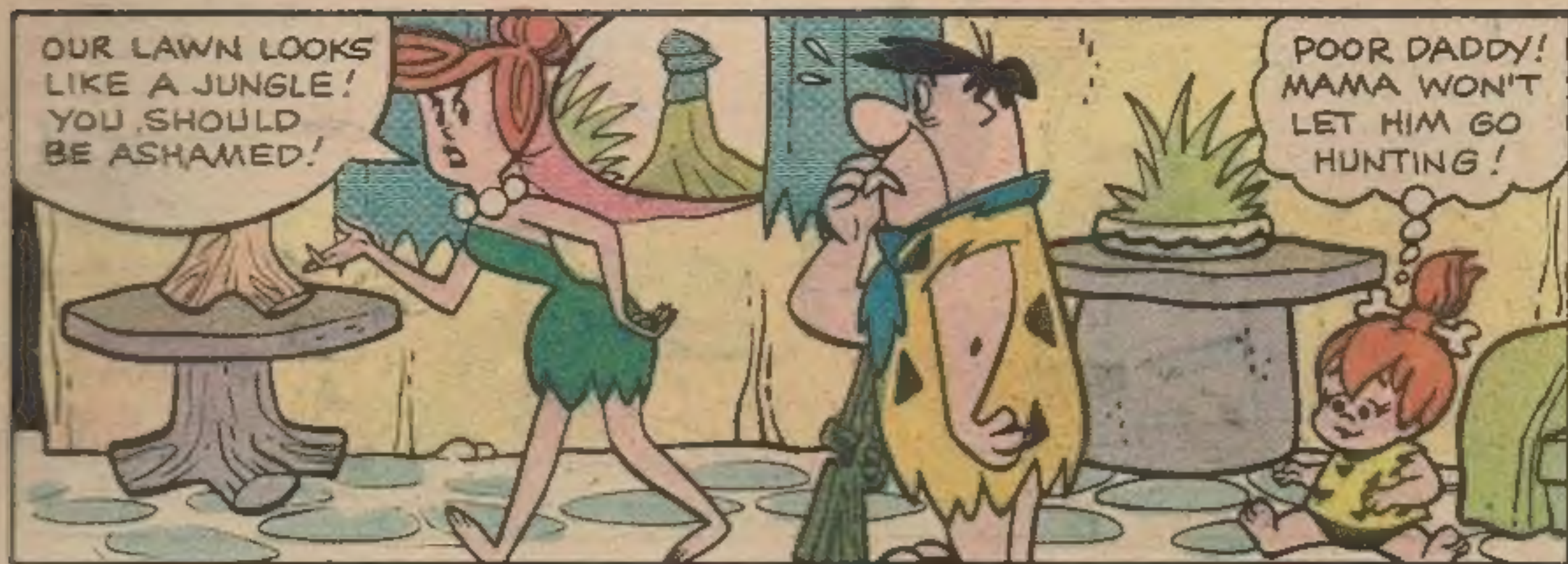


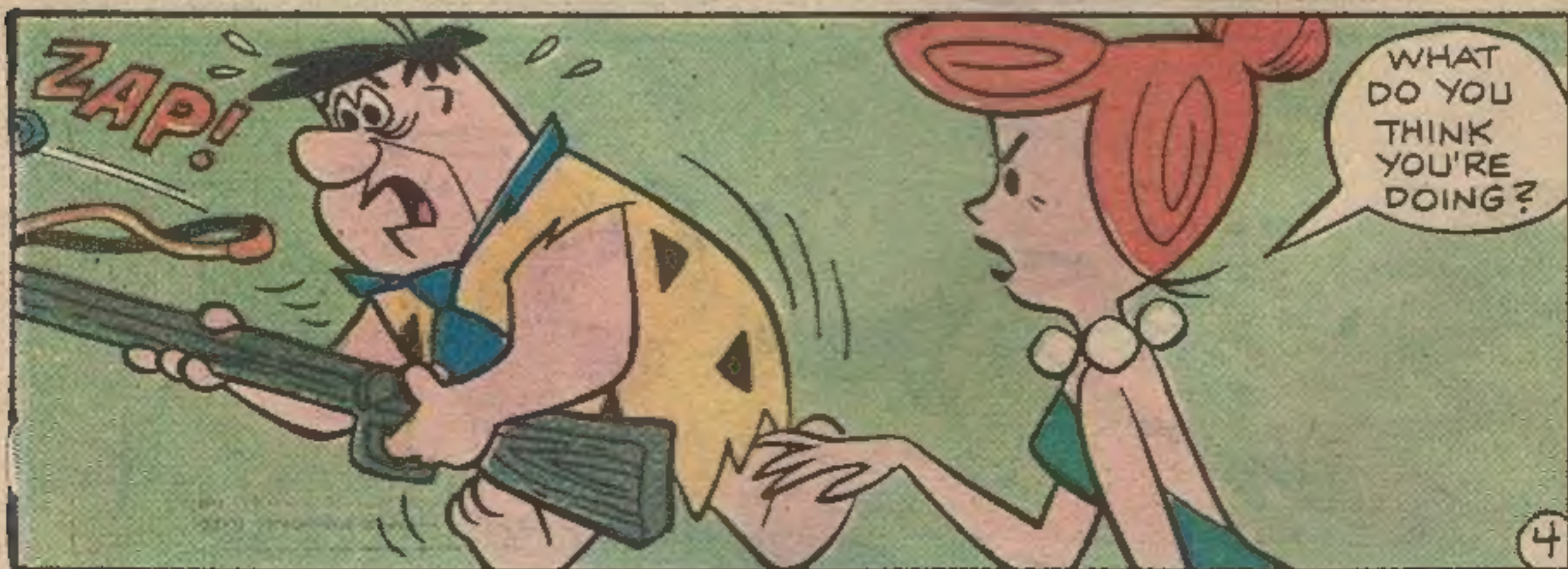
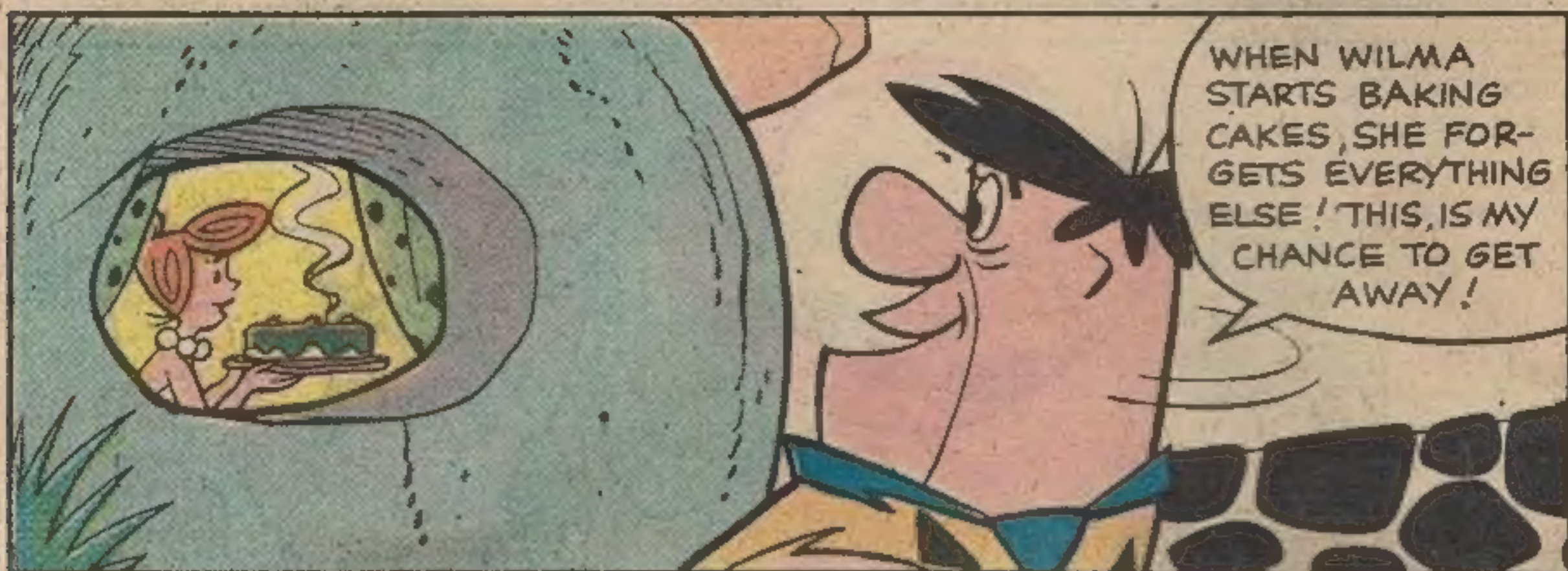
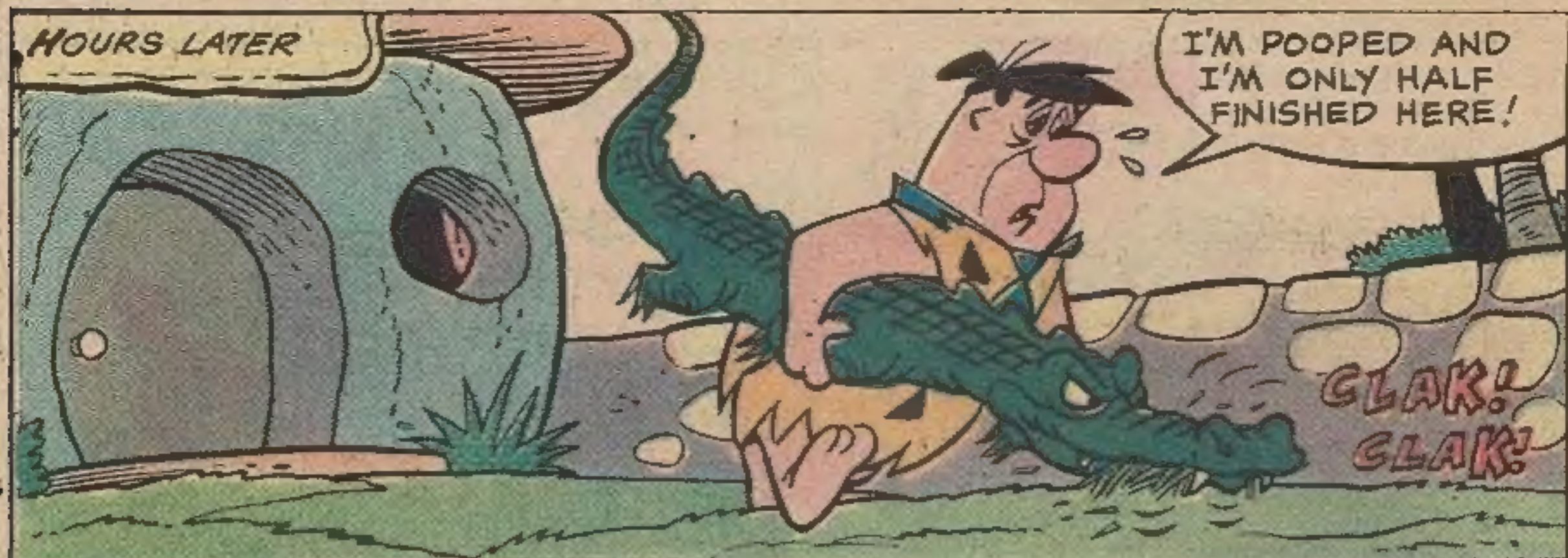
FLINTSTONES Vol. 2, No. 8, September, 1971,

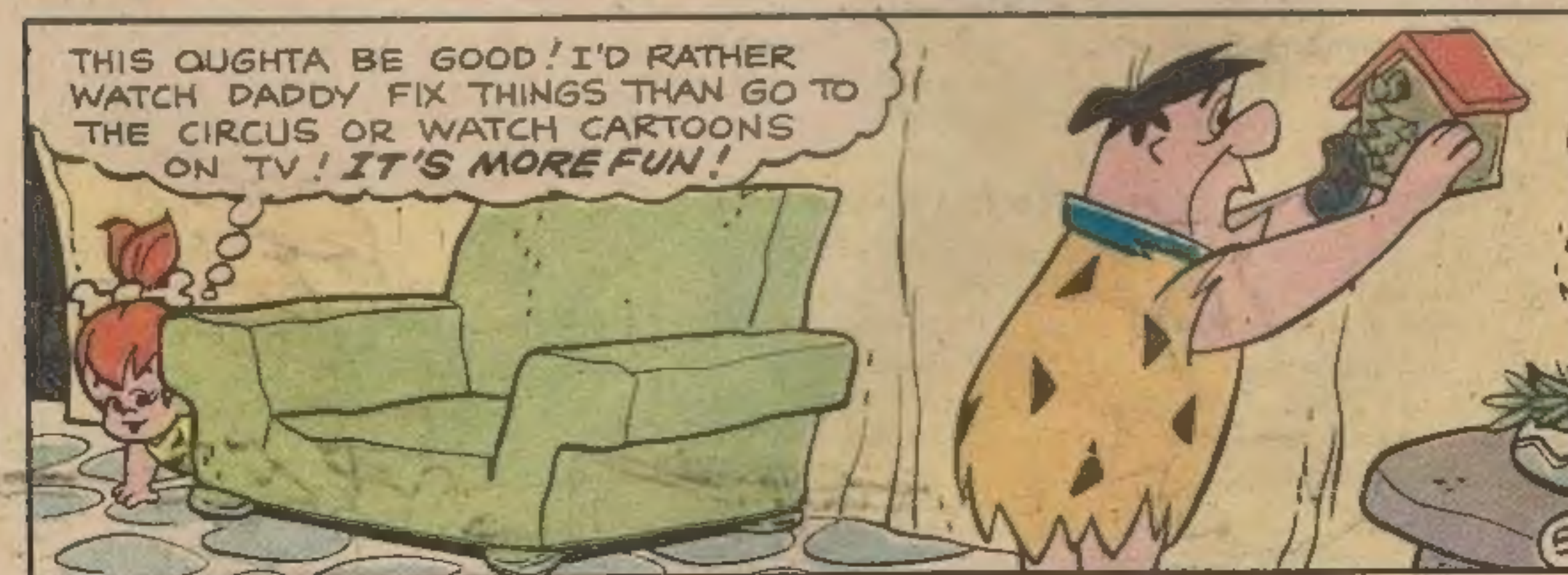
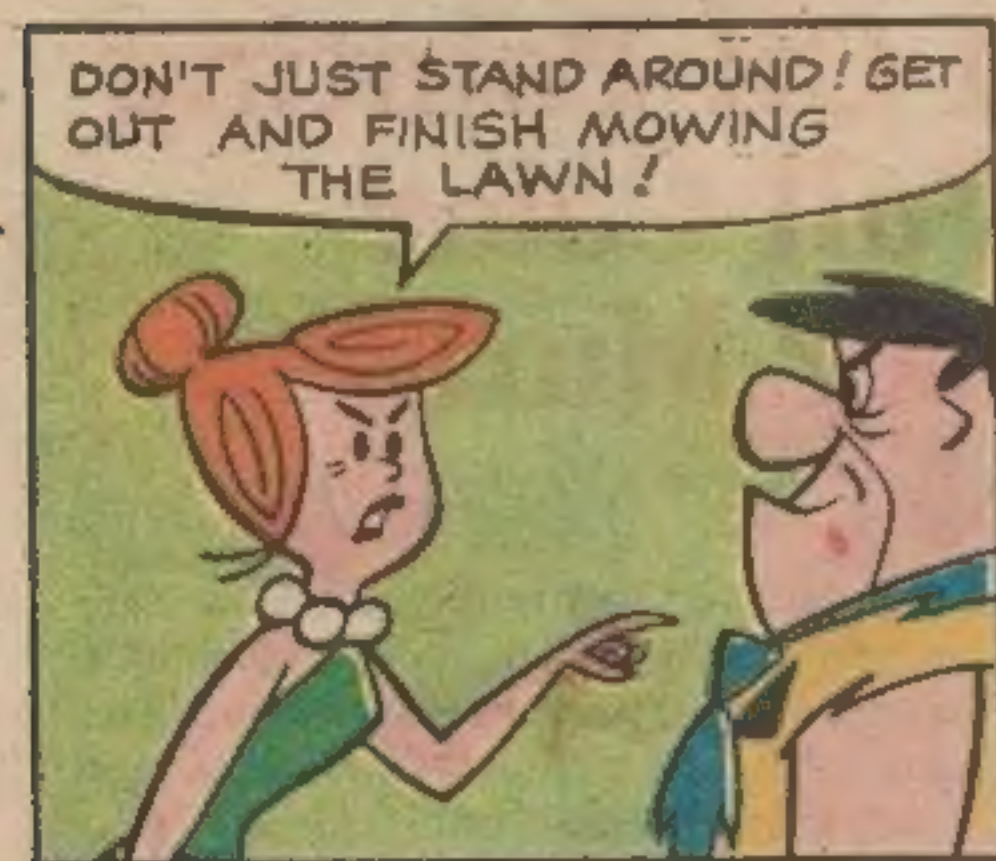
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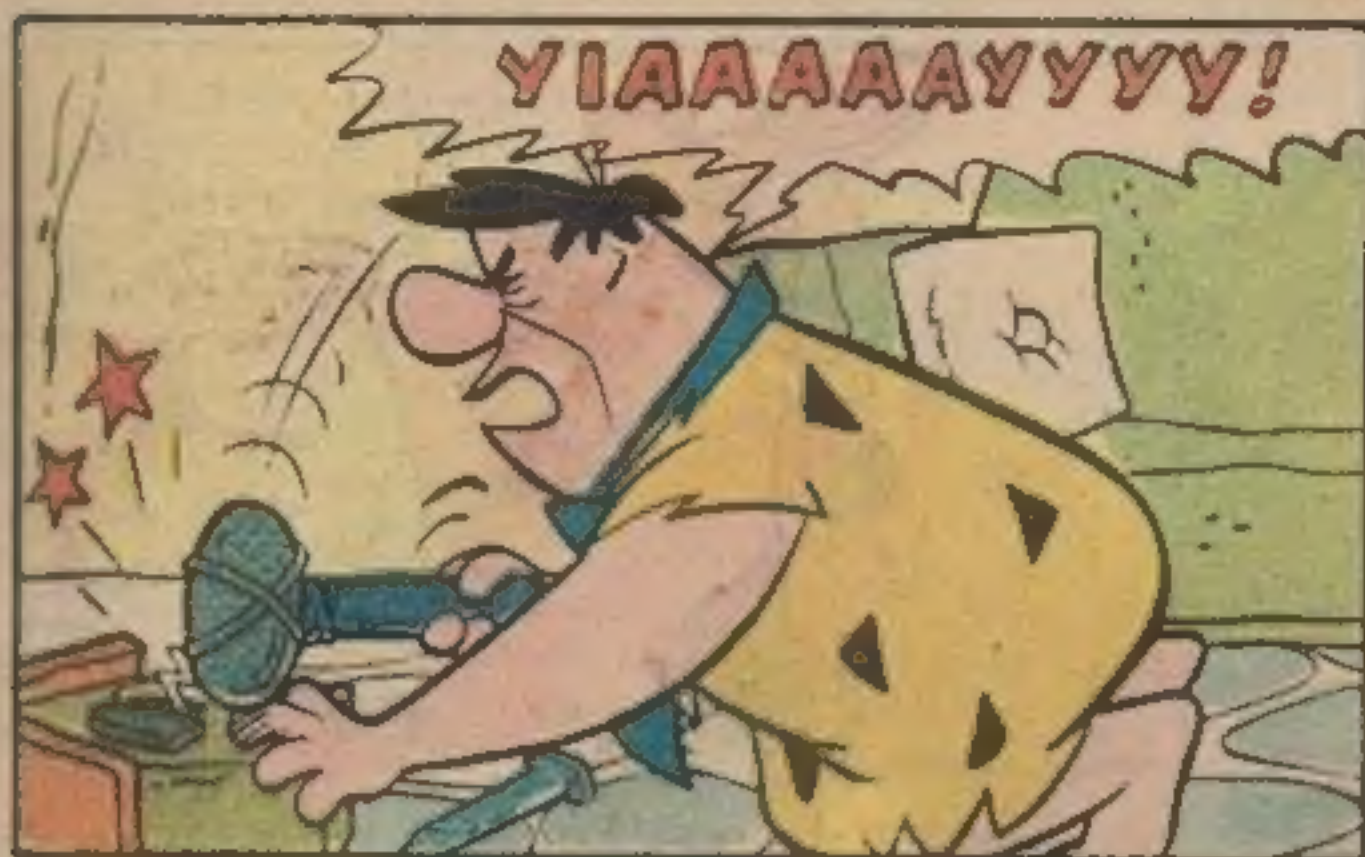
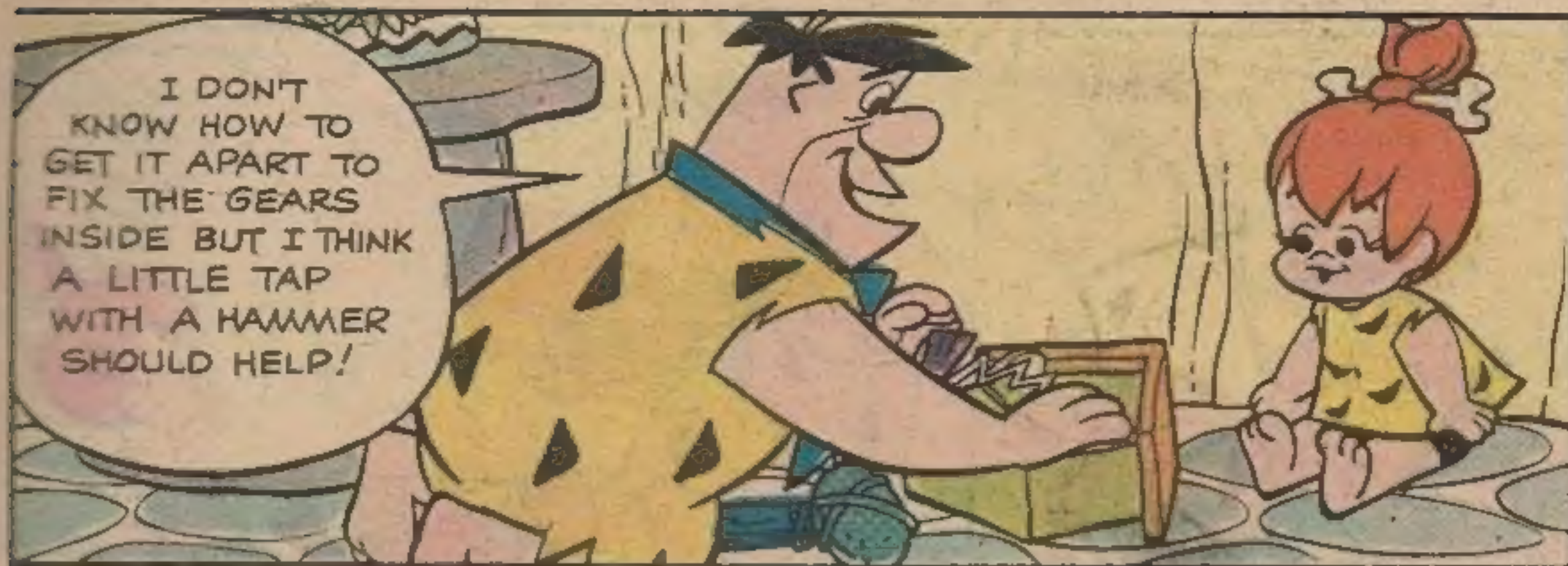
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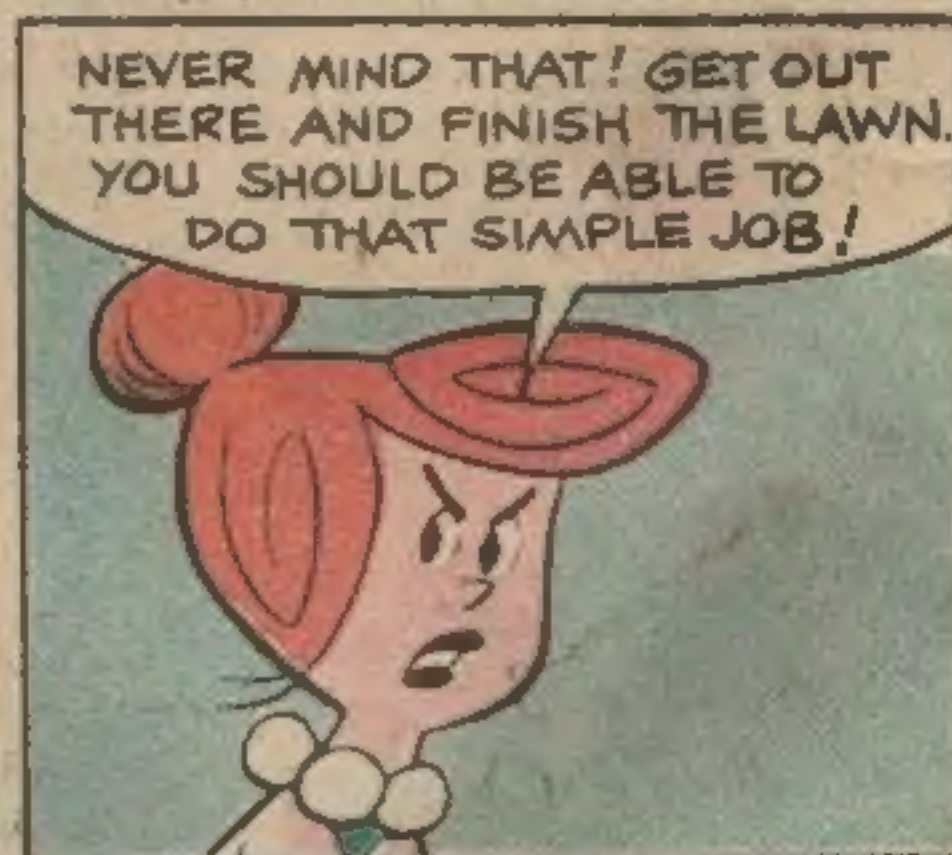
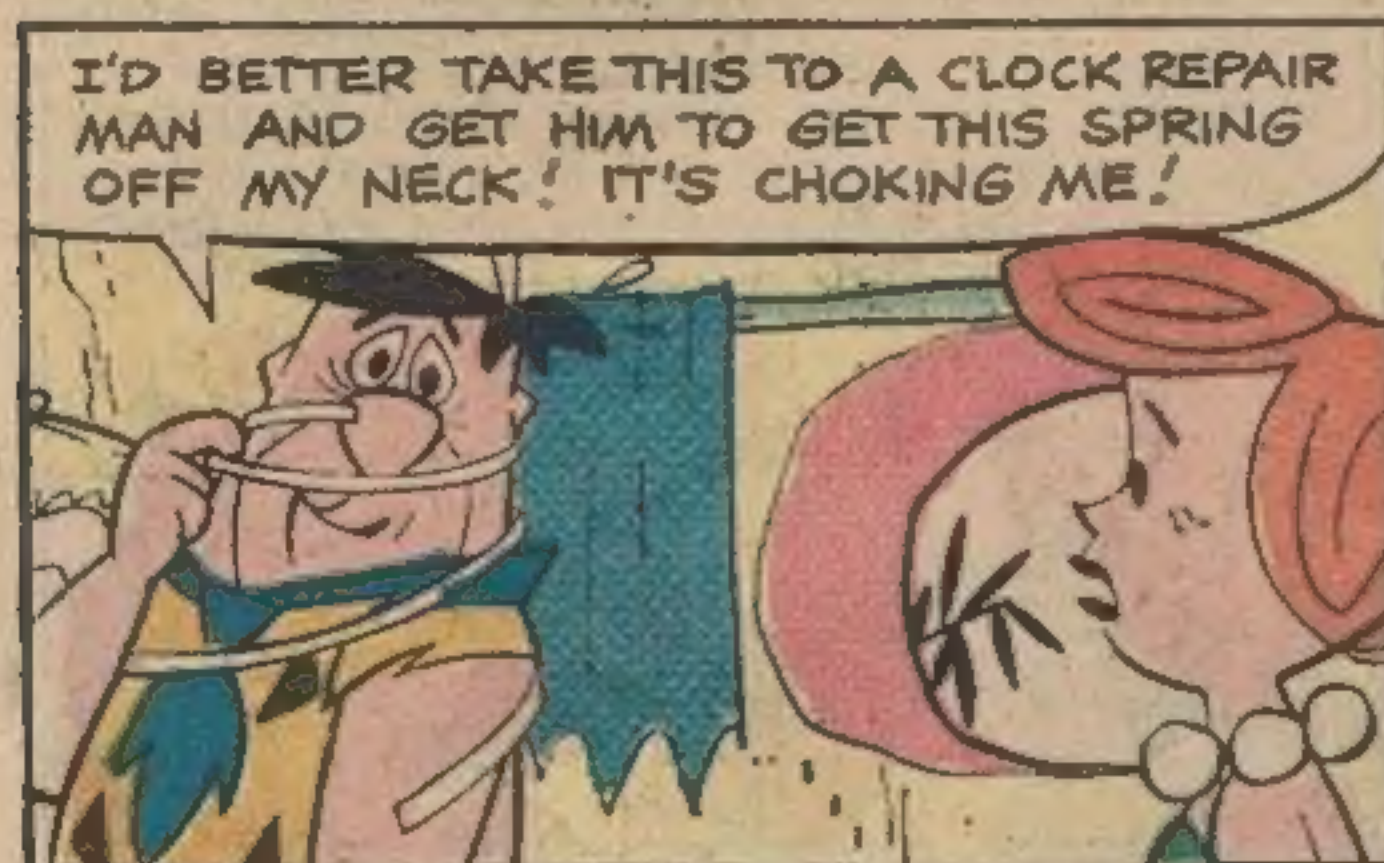
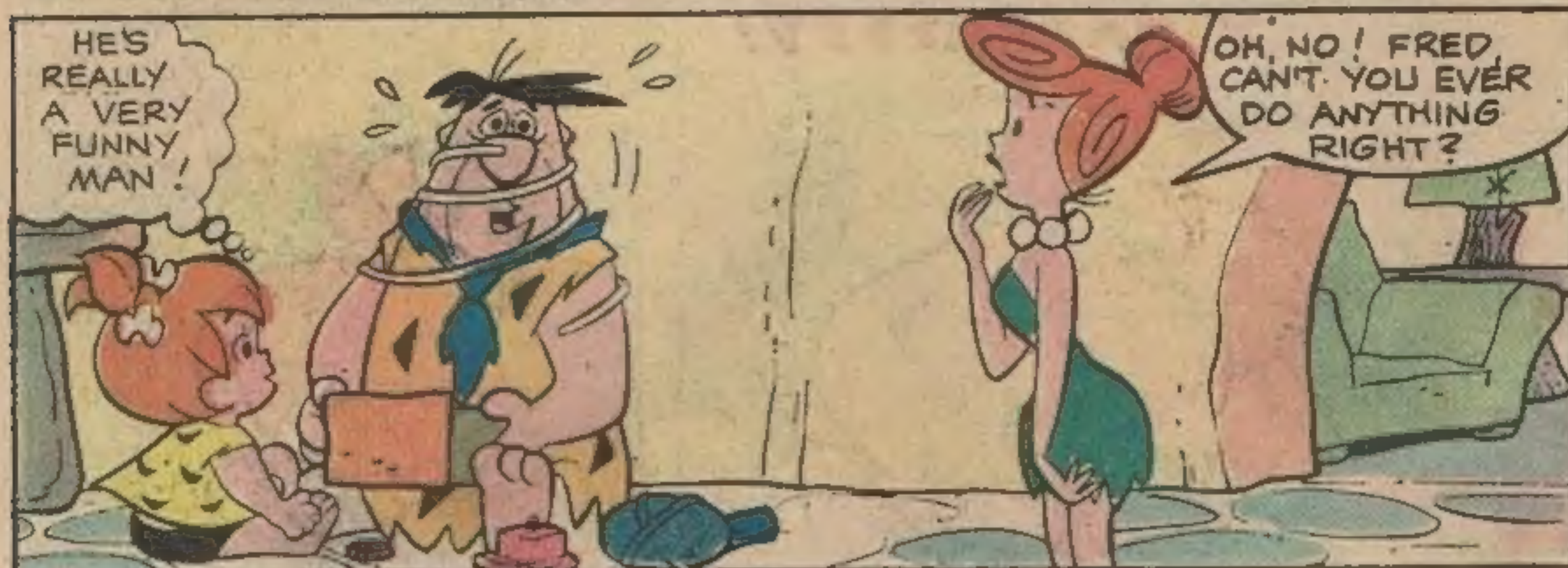


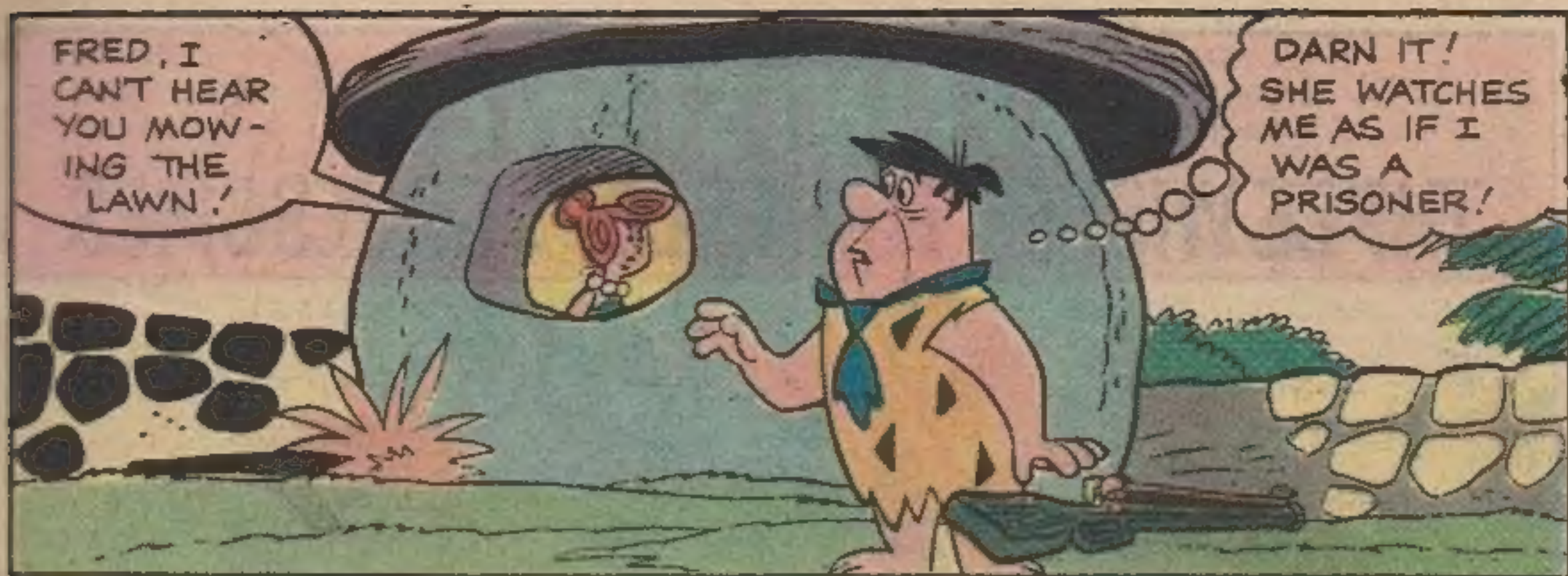






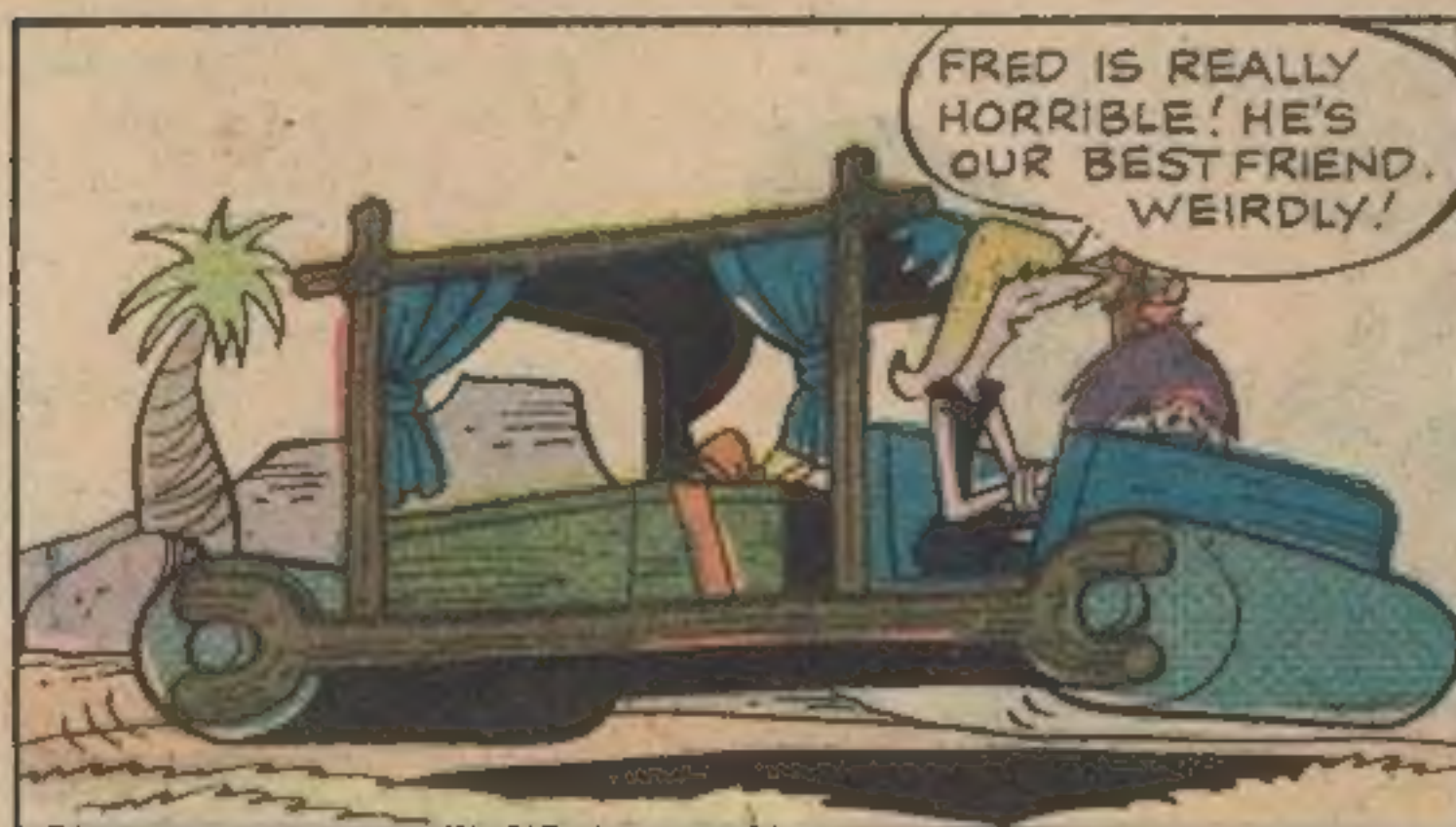




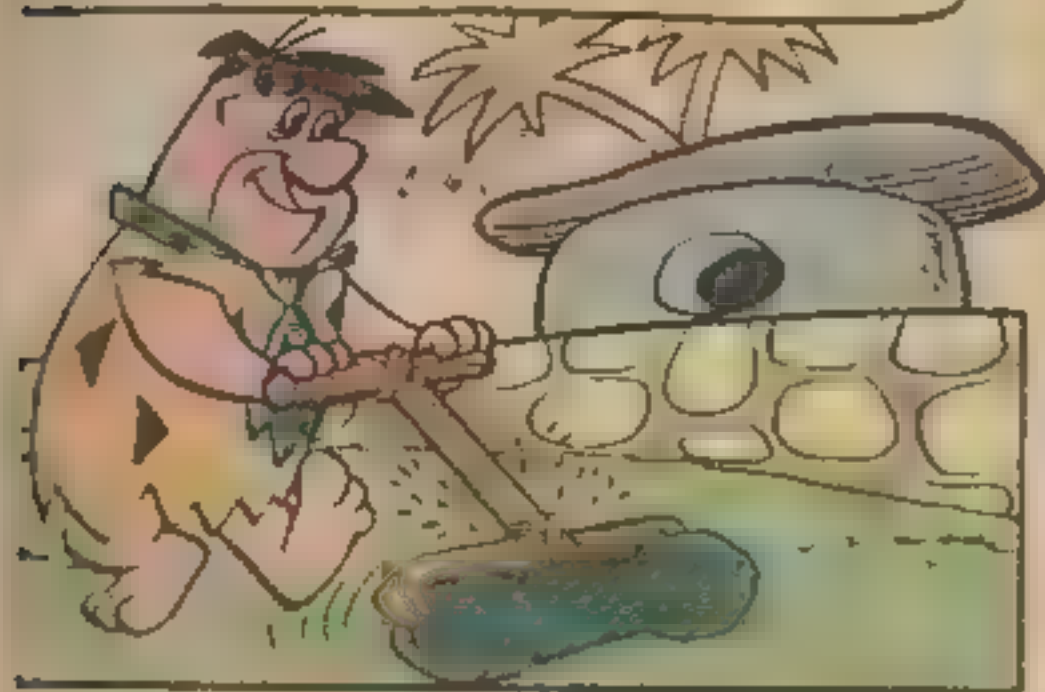


The FLINTSTONES

THREE WISHES FOR FRED ^{WITH THE} GRUESOMES



MEANWHILE, THINGS ARE PEACE-
FUL FOR A CHANGE IN BEDROCK

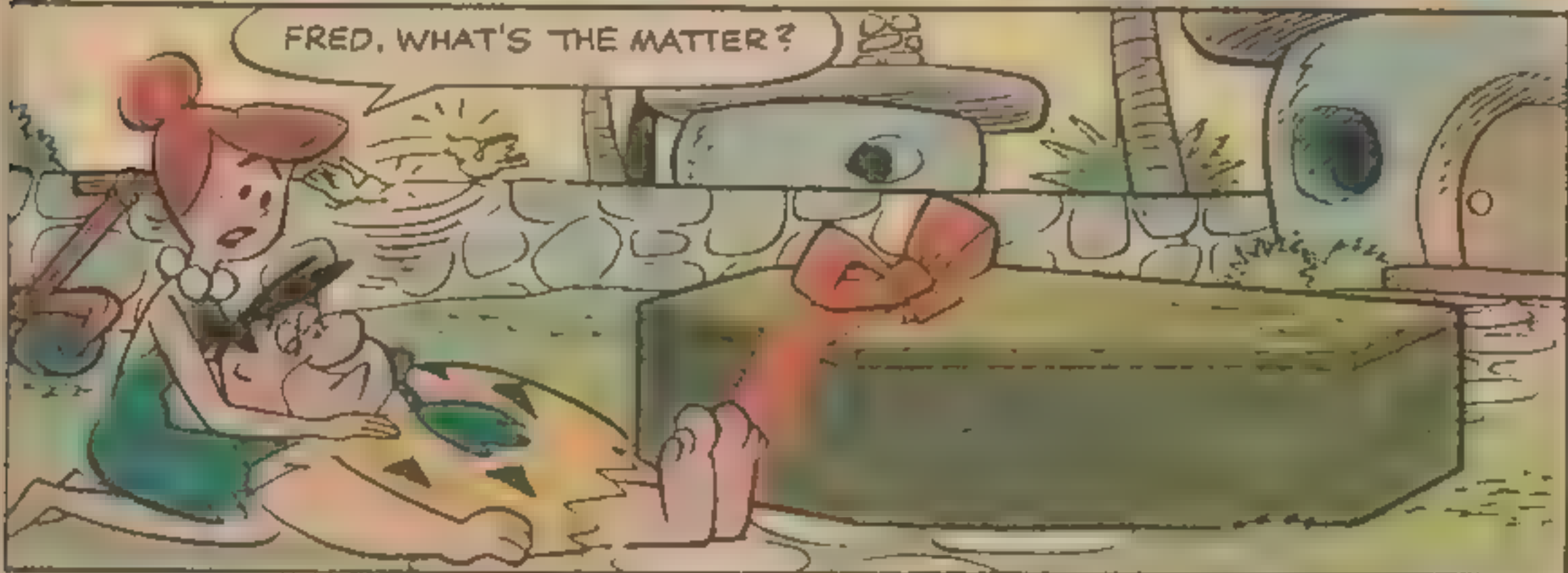


PACKAGE FOR MR. FRED
FLINTSTONE!

YABADABADOO!



FRED, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

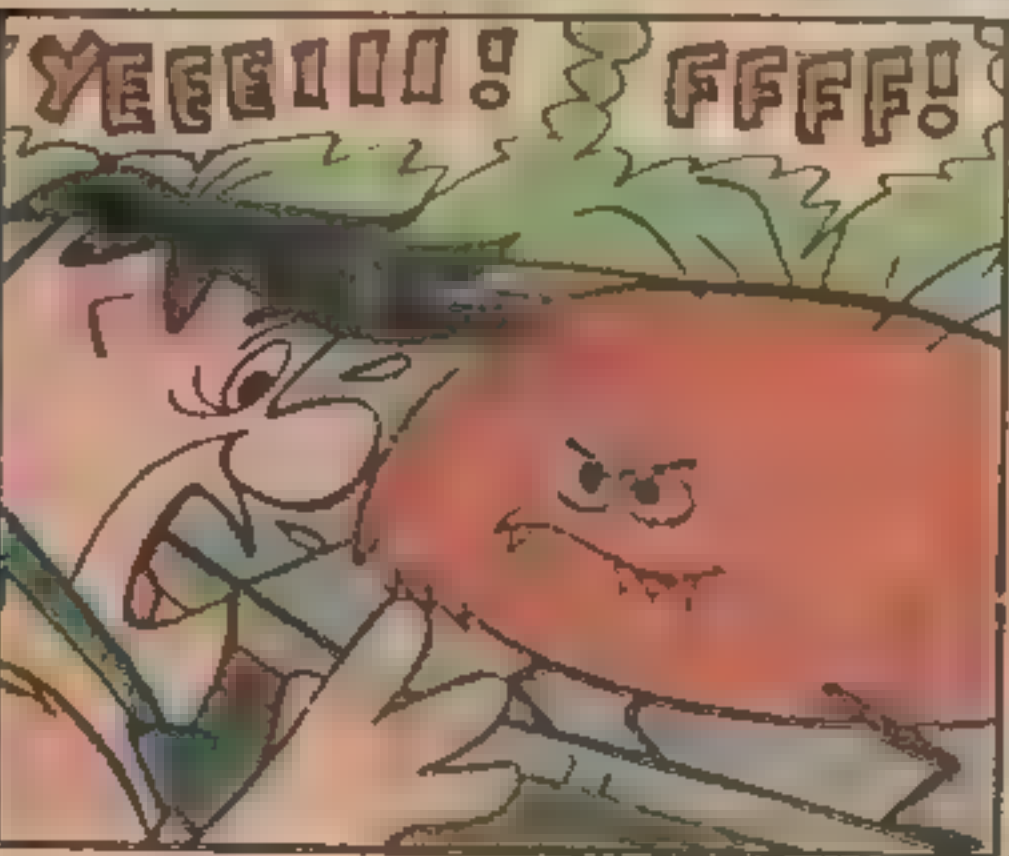
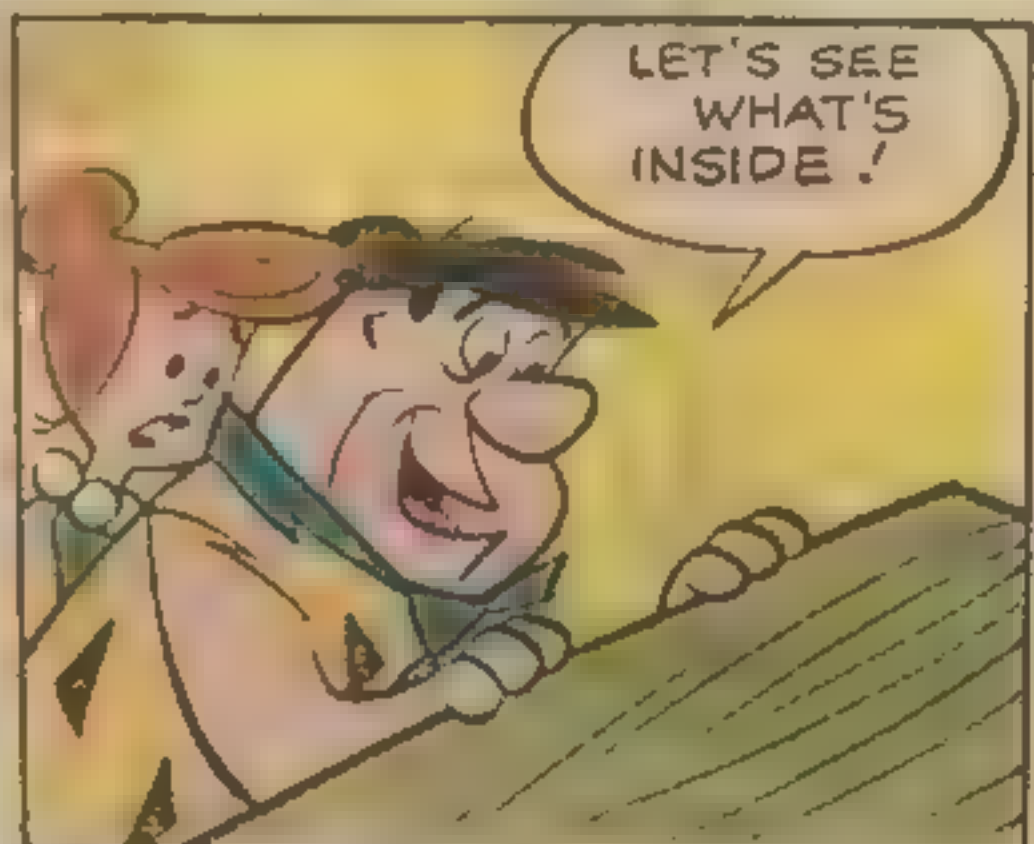


DON'T BE FRIGHTENED,
FRED! THIS IS JUST A
PRESENT FROM OUR
FRIENDS, THE GRUESOMES!

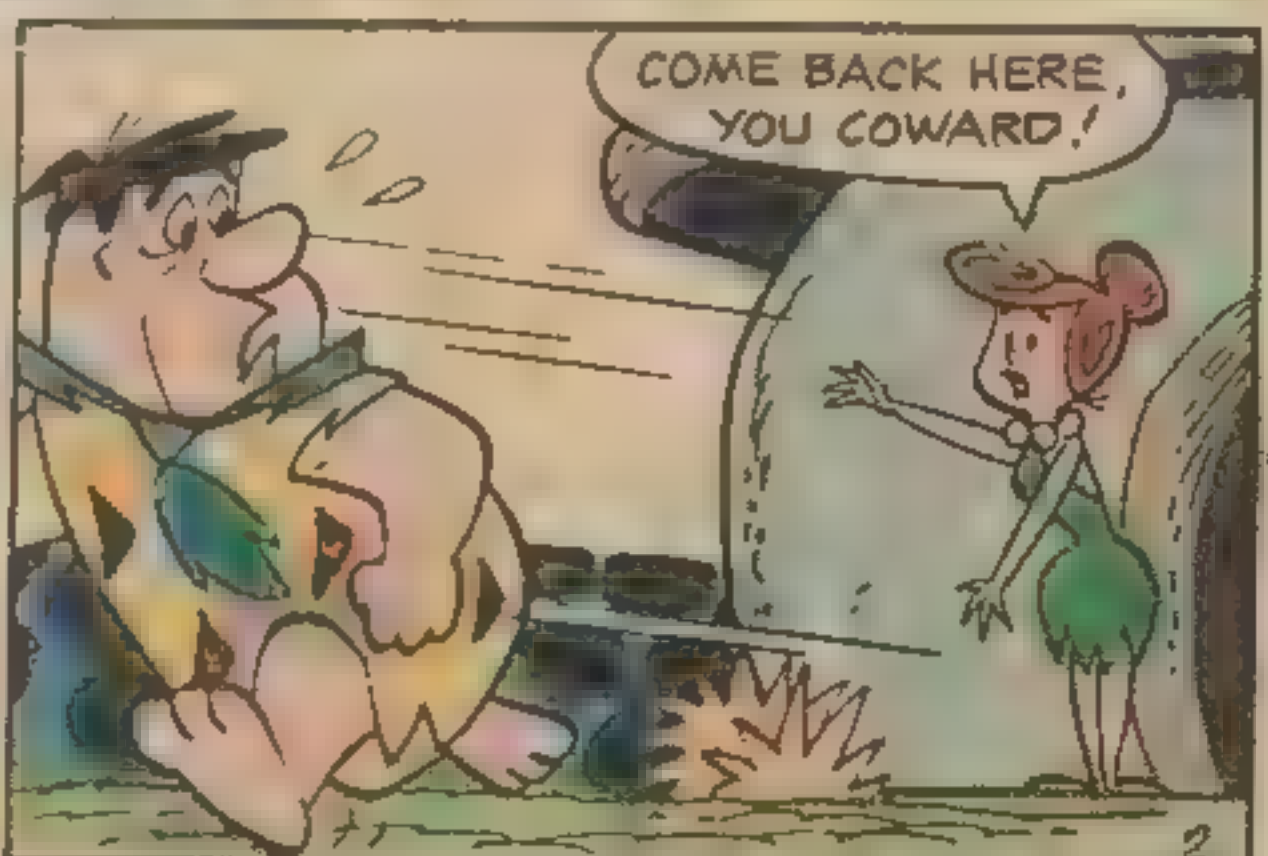
WHAT A HORRIBLE
WAY TO GIFT-WRAP
A PRESENT IN
A COFFIN!



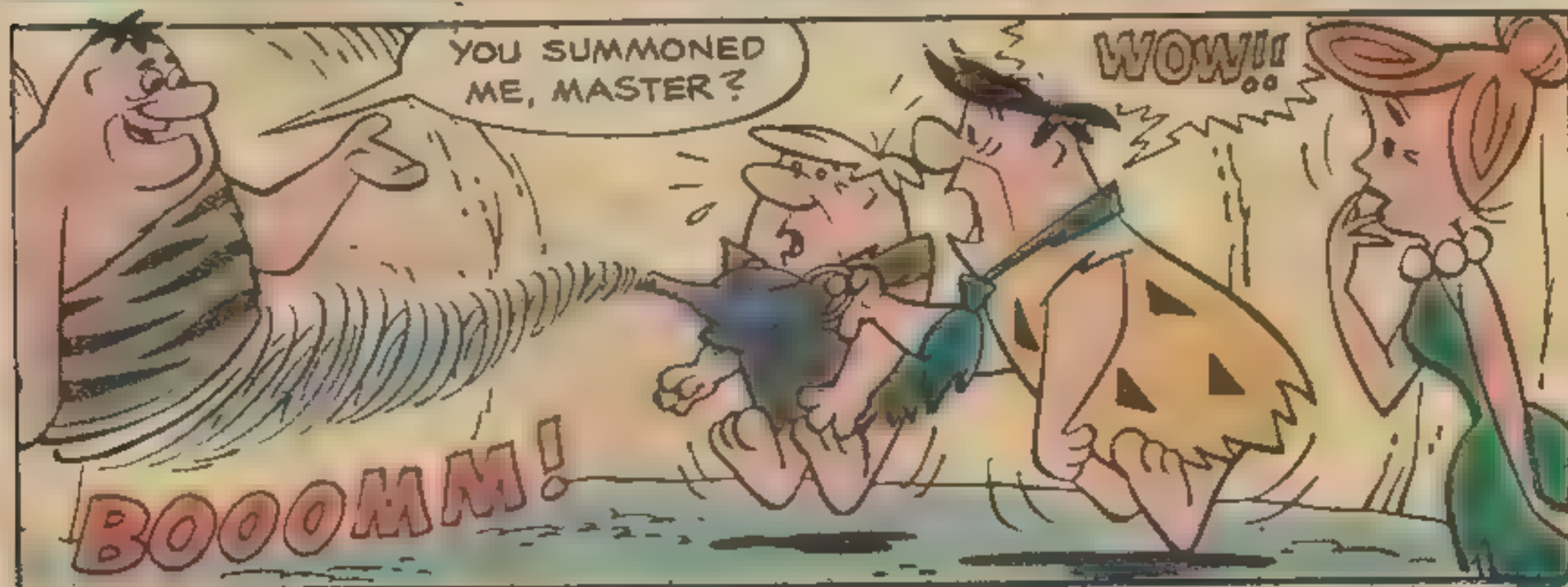
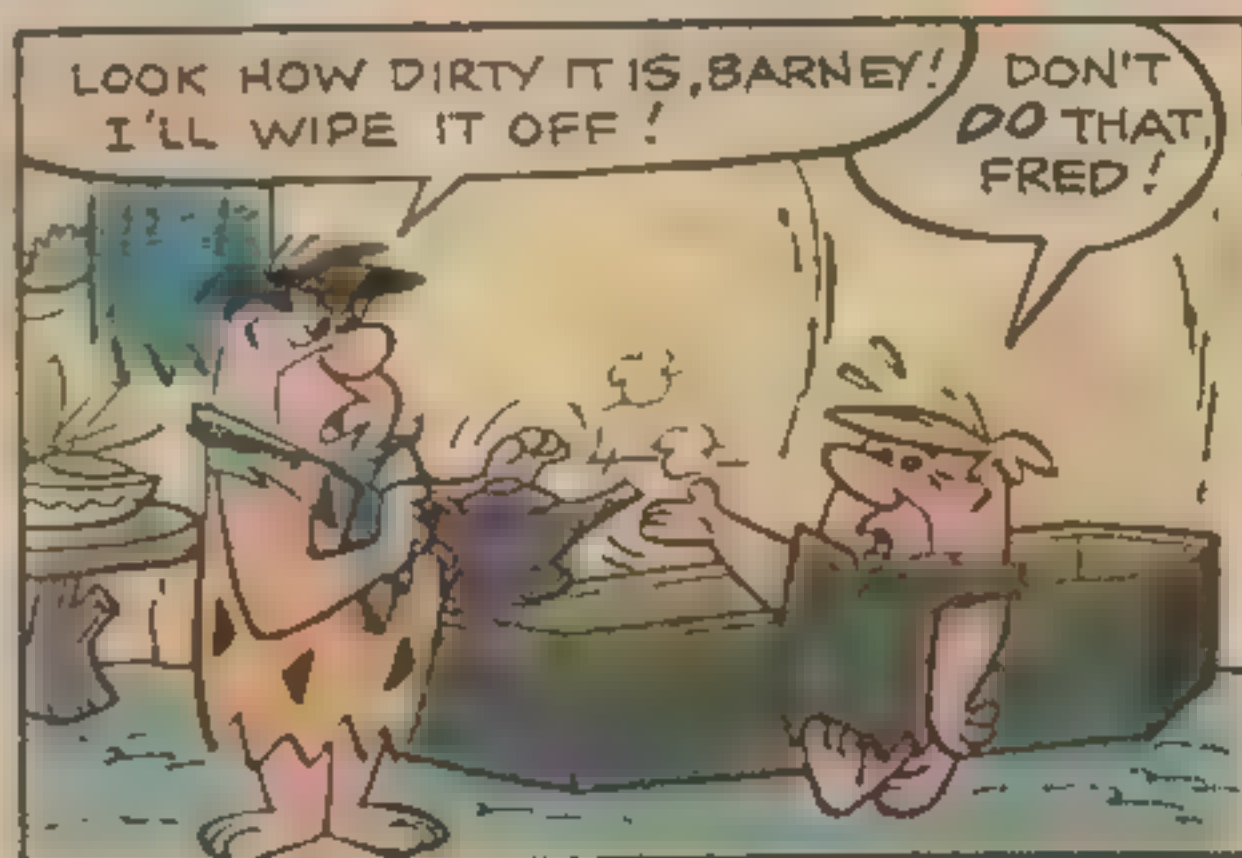
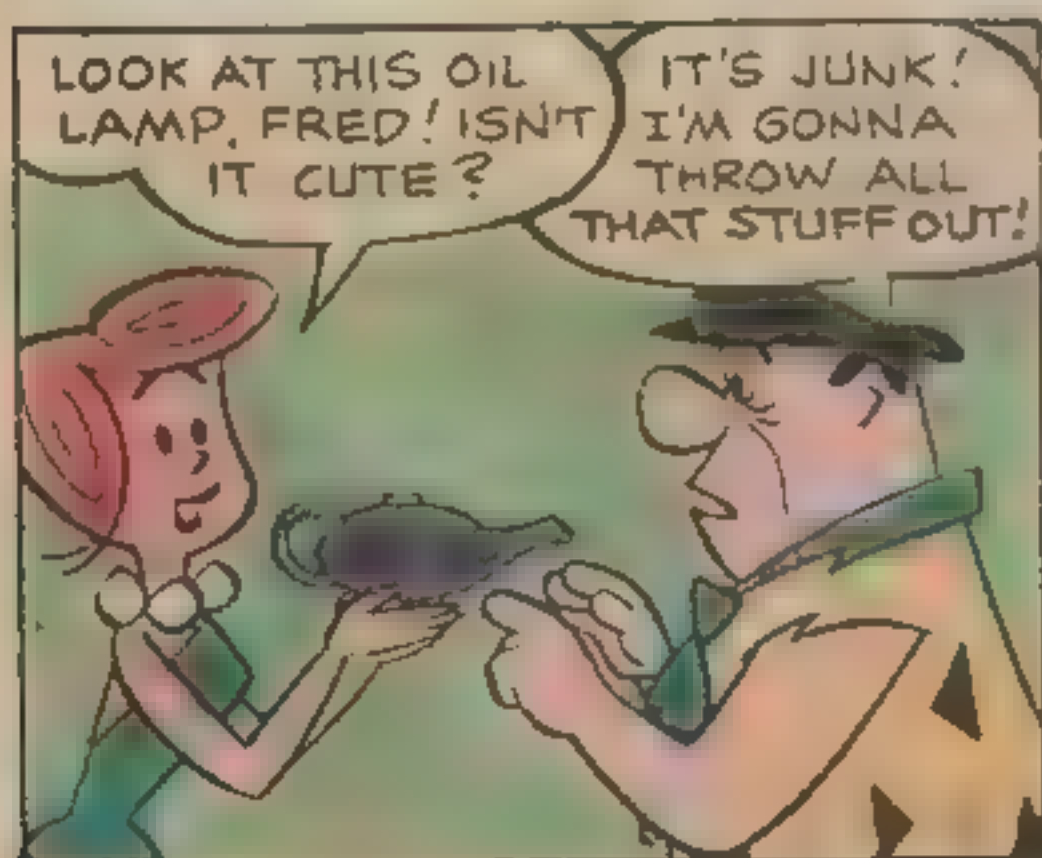
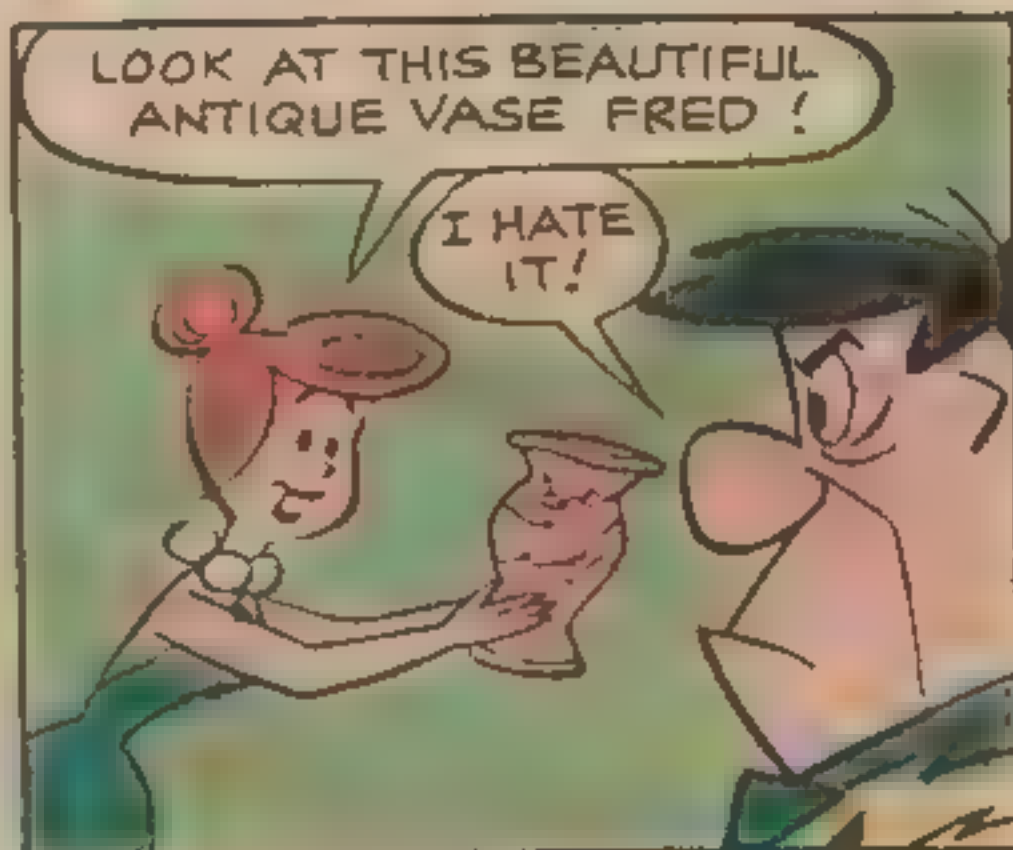
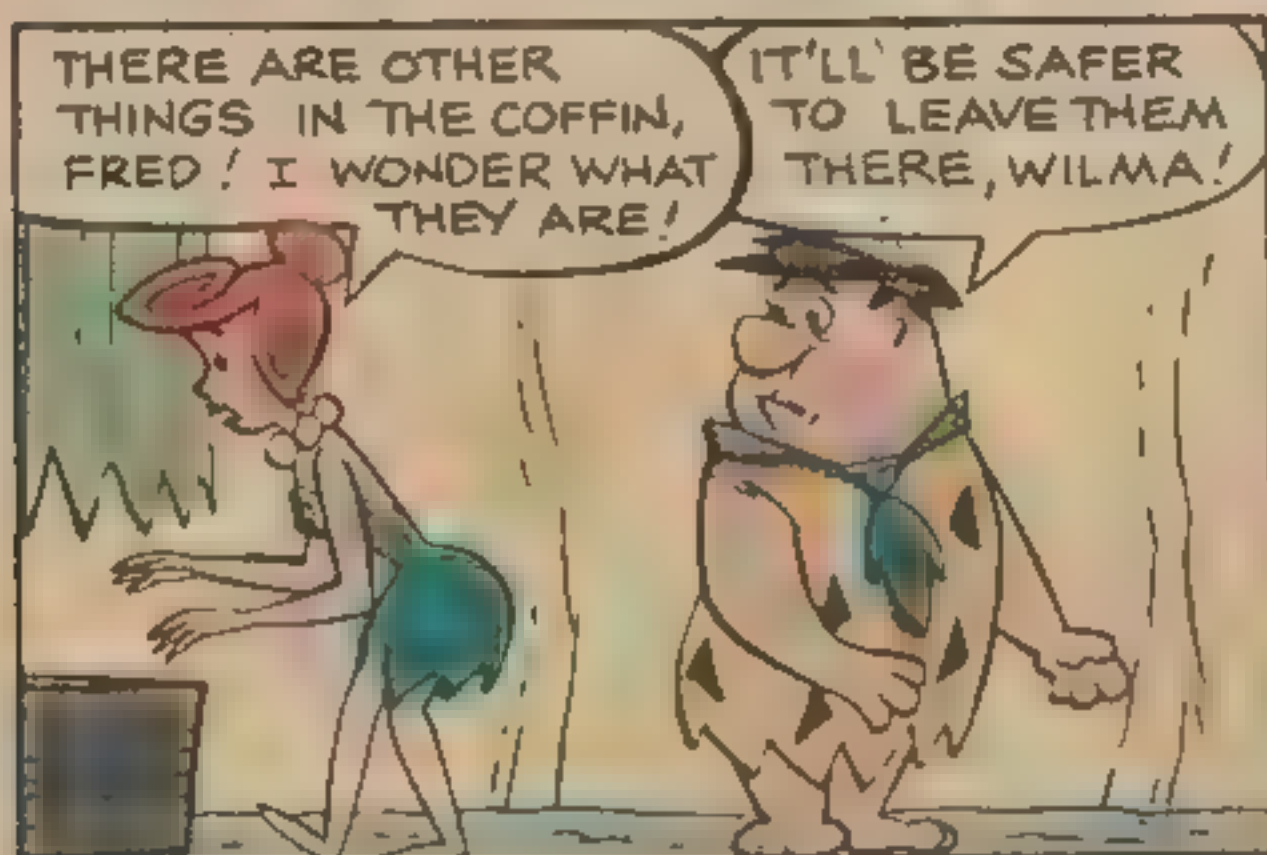
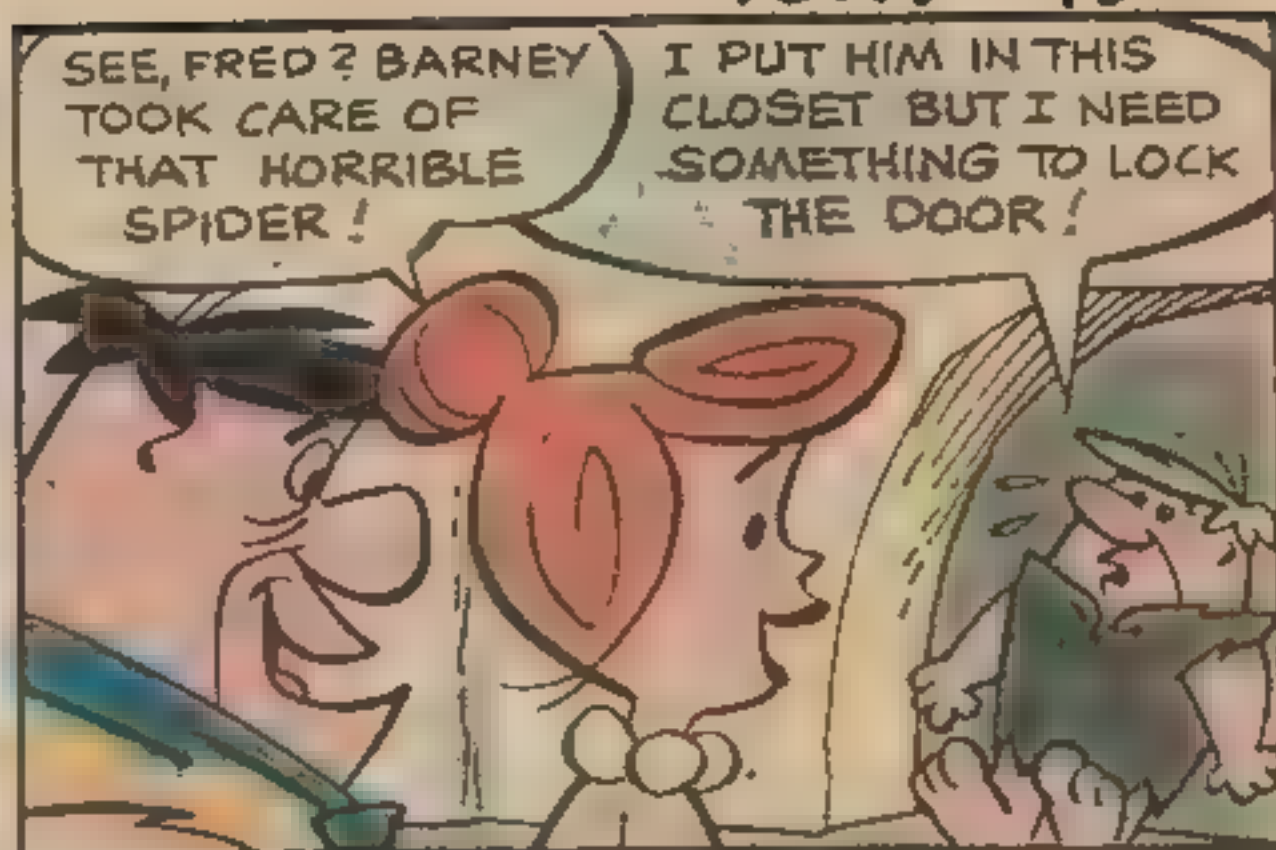
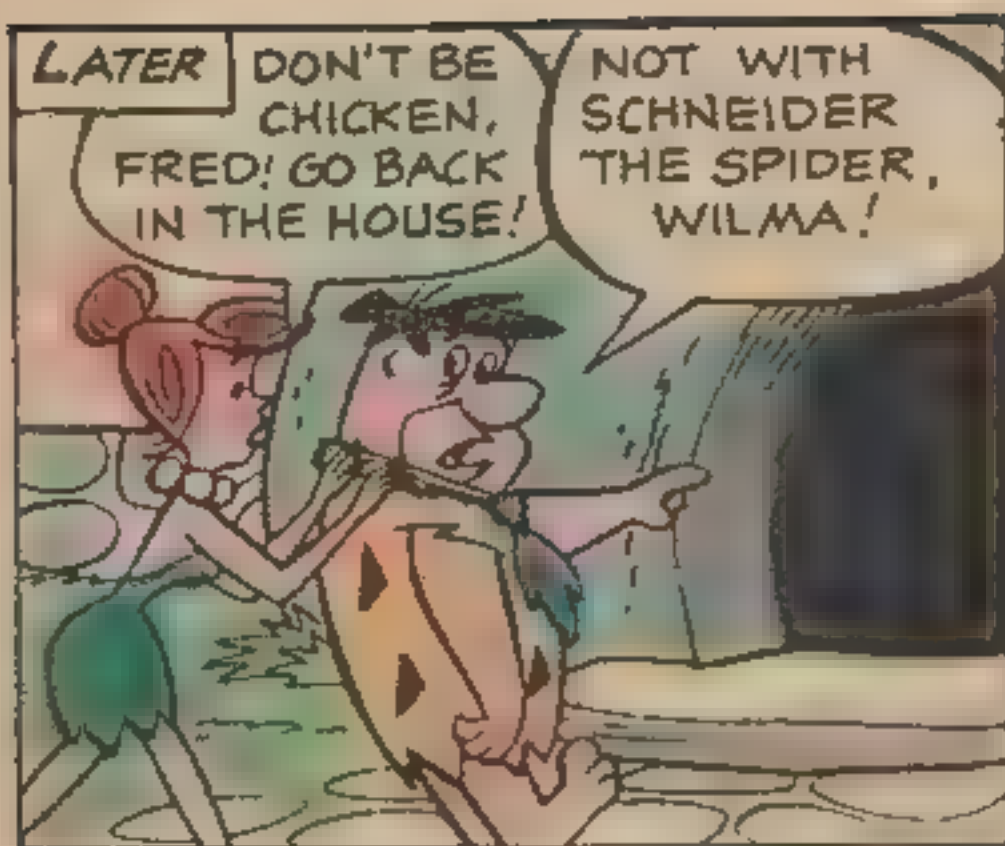
LET'S SEE
WHAT'S
INSIDE!

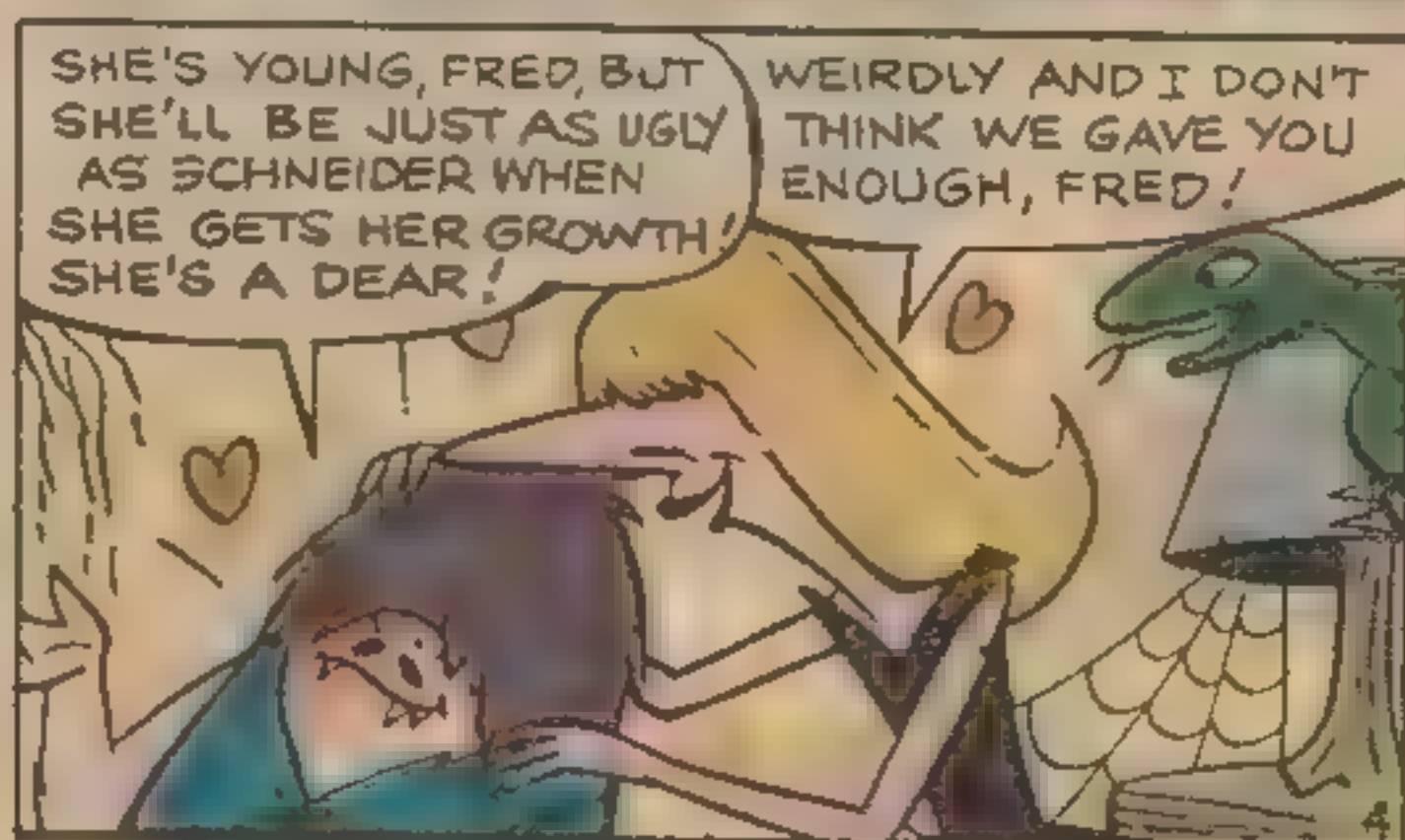
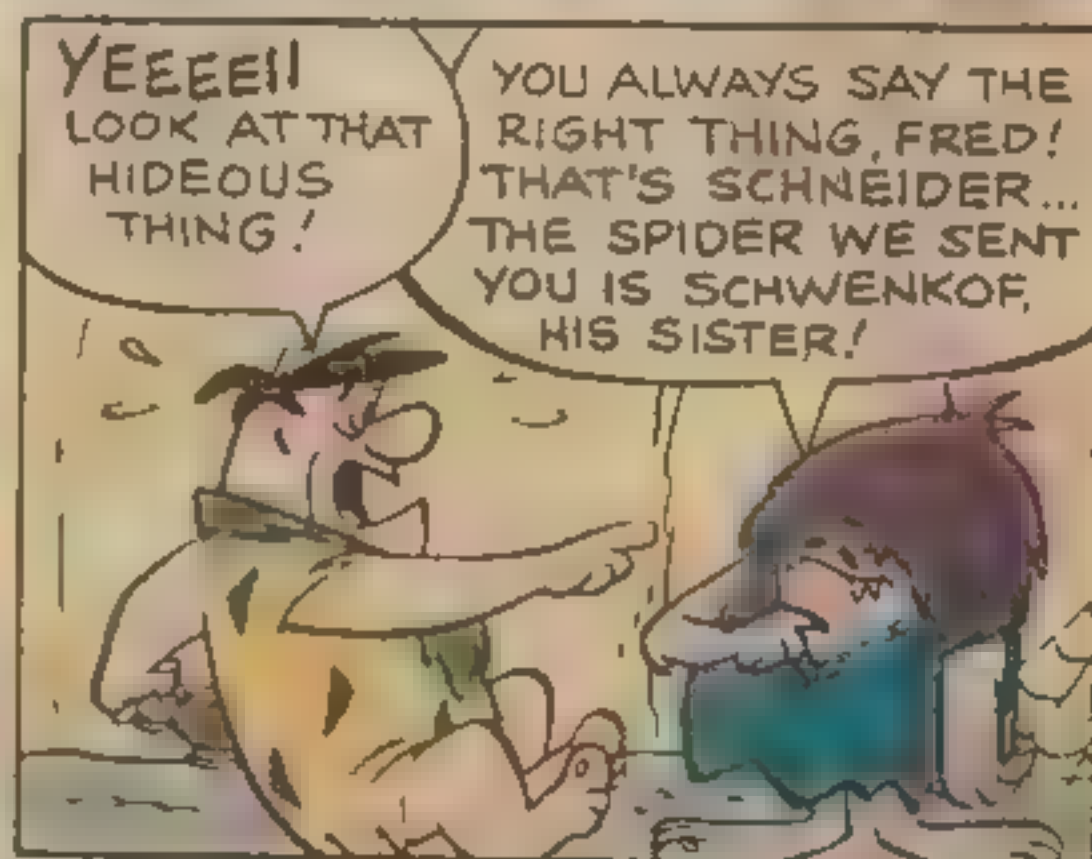
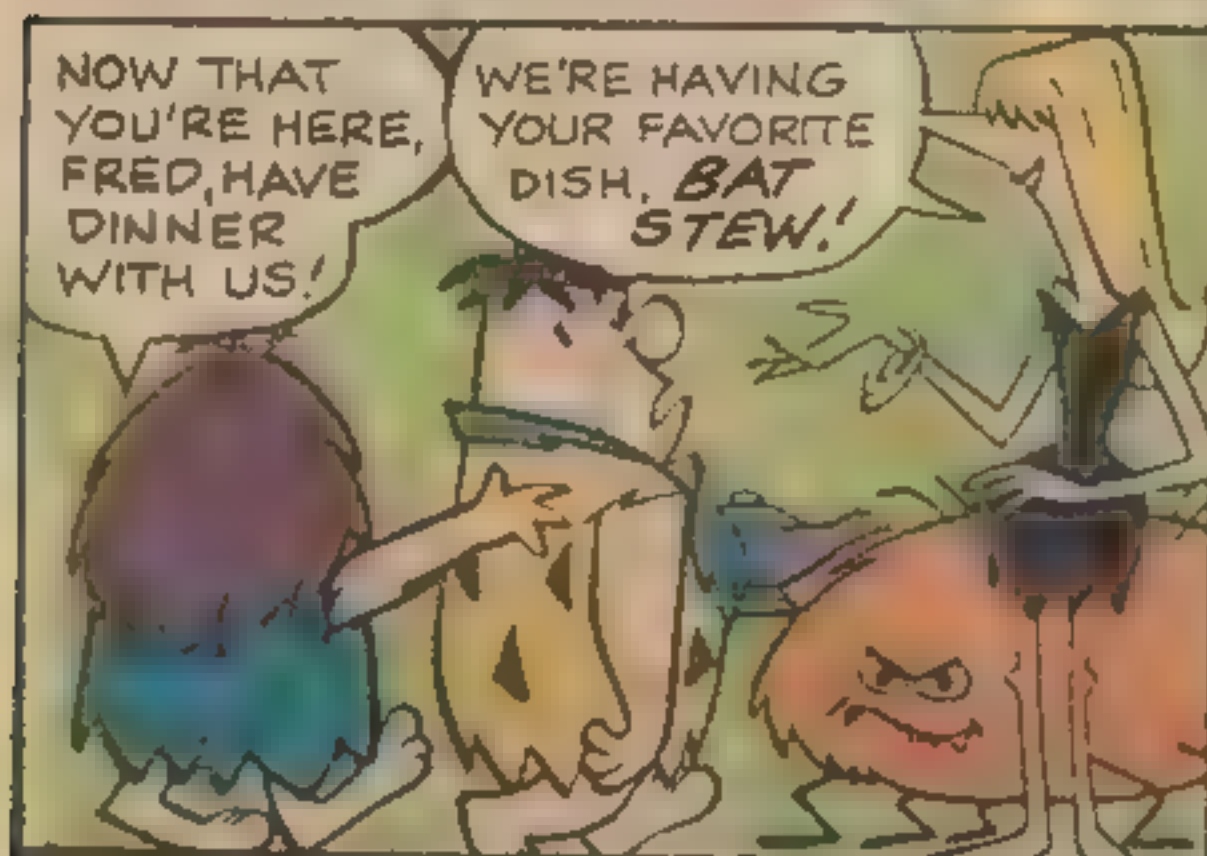
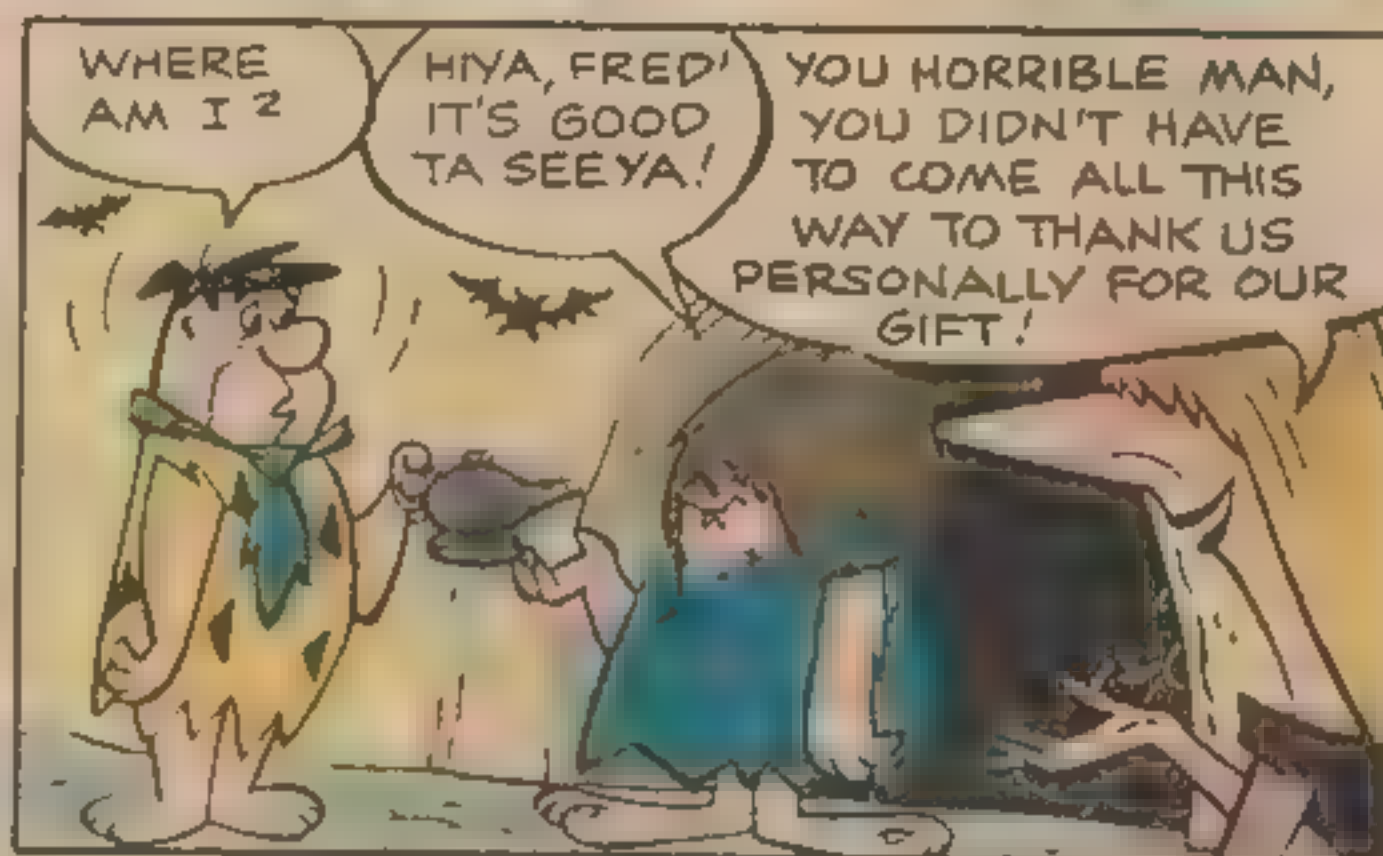
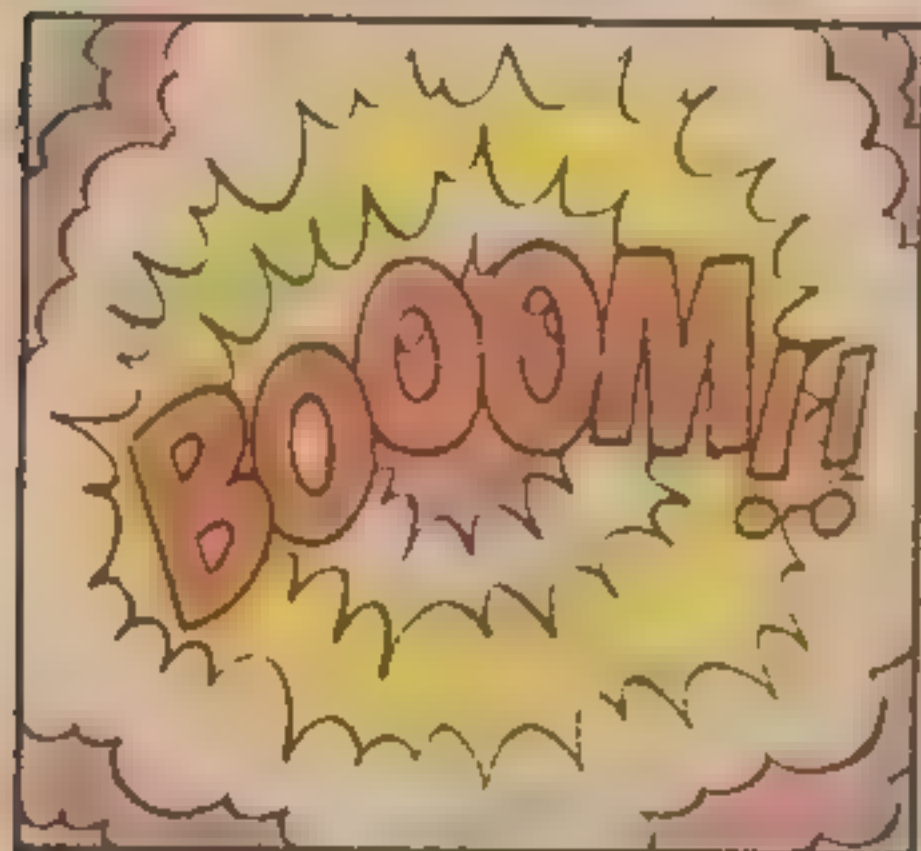


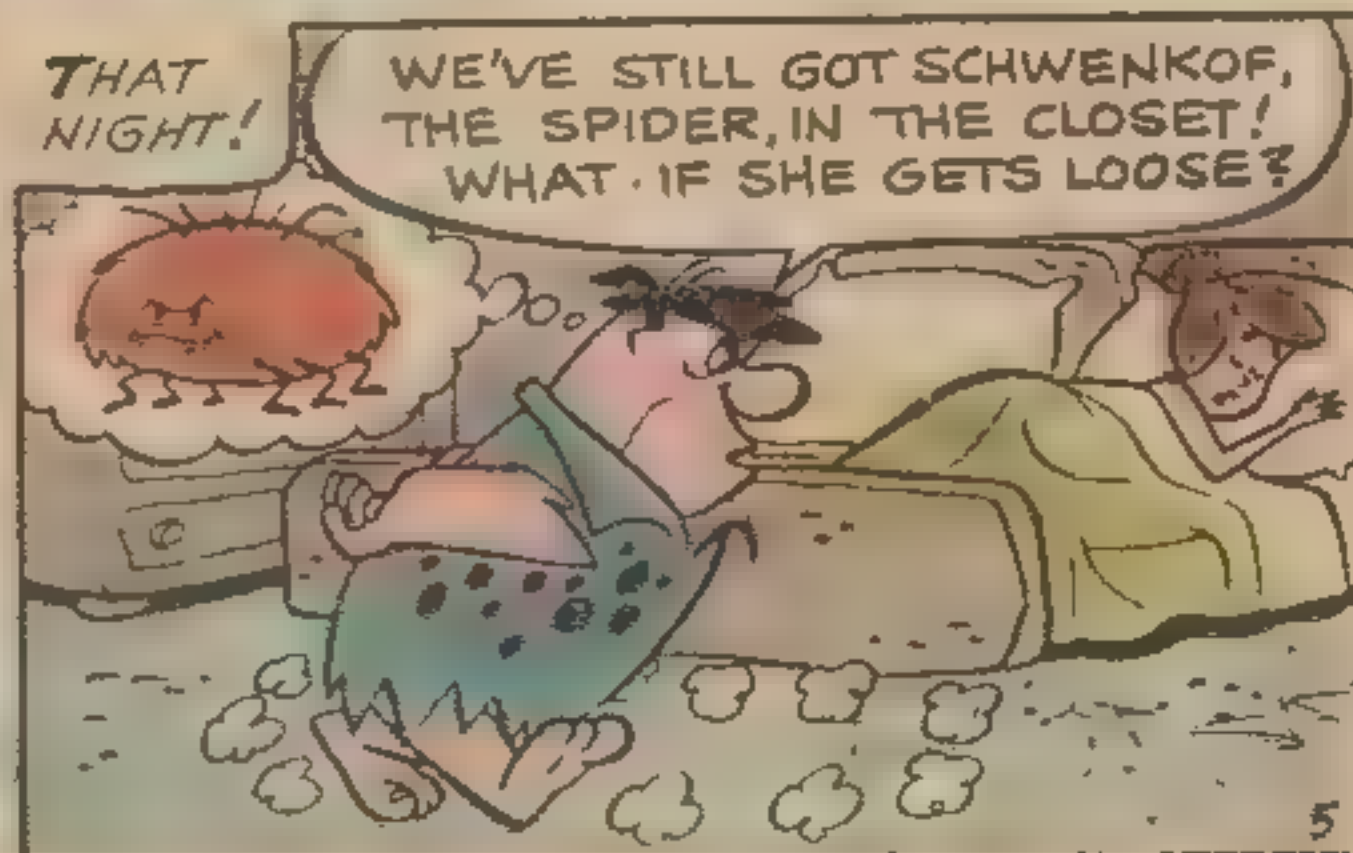
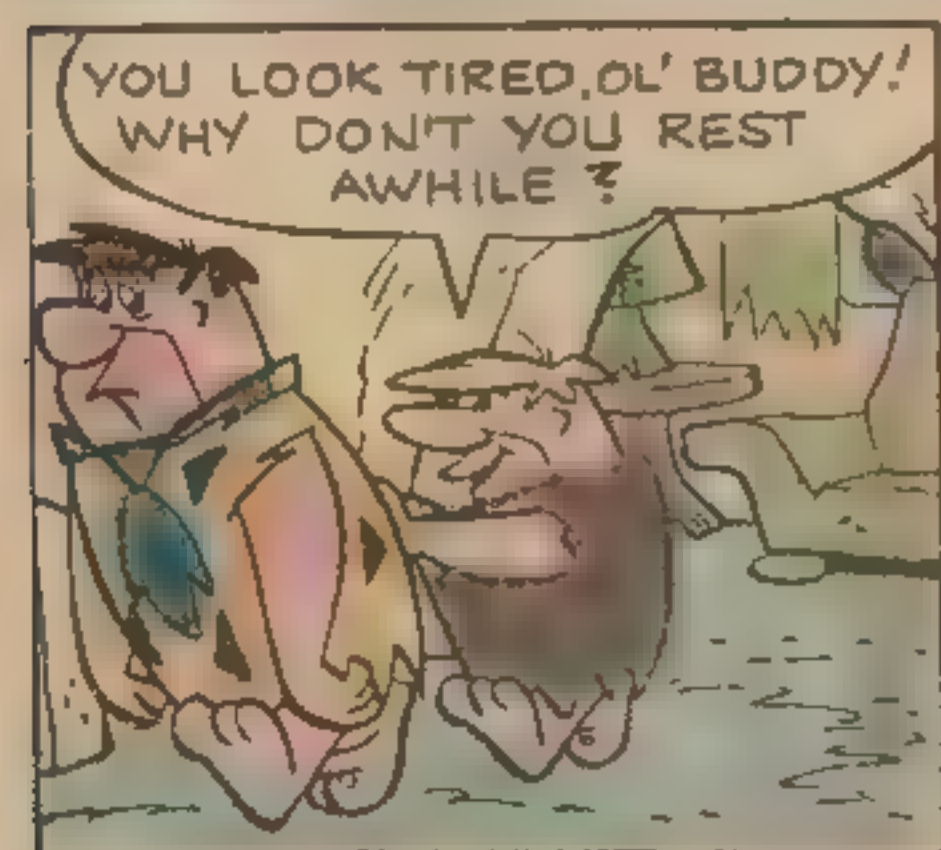
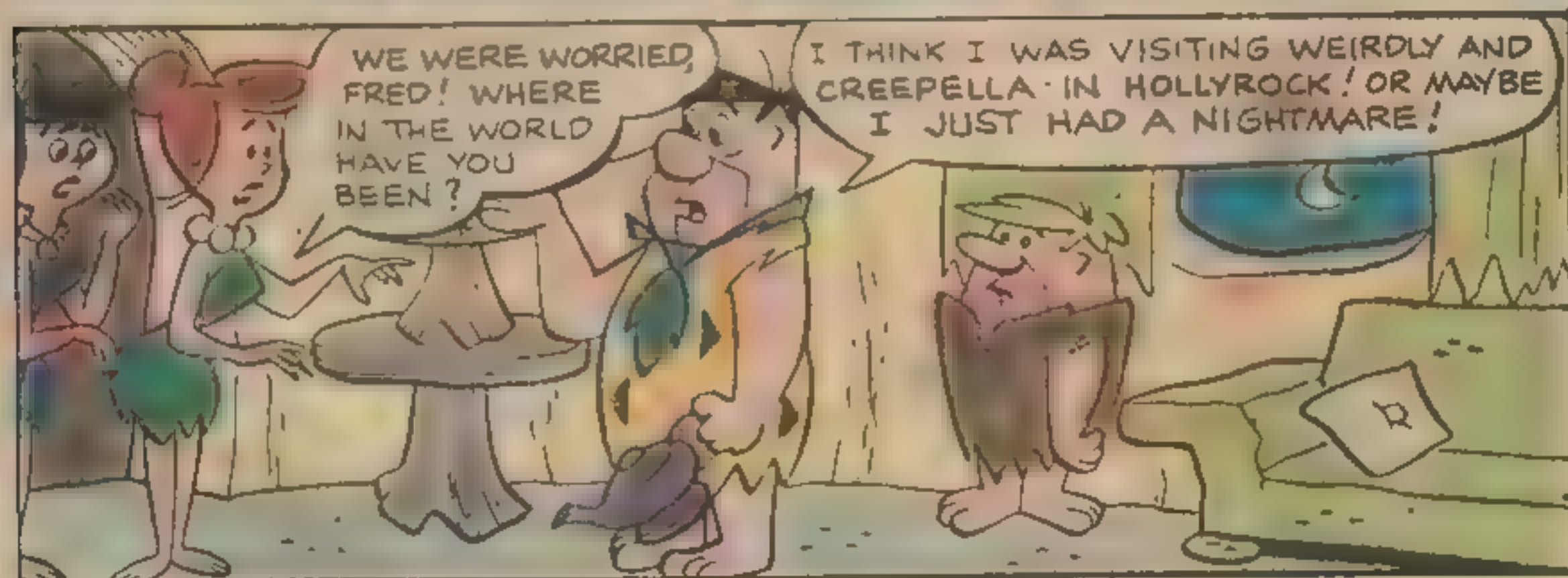
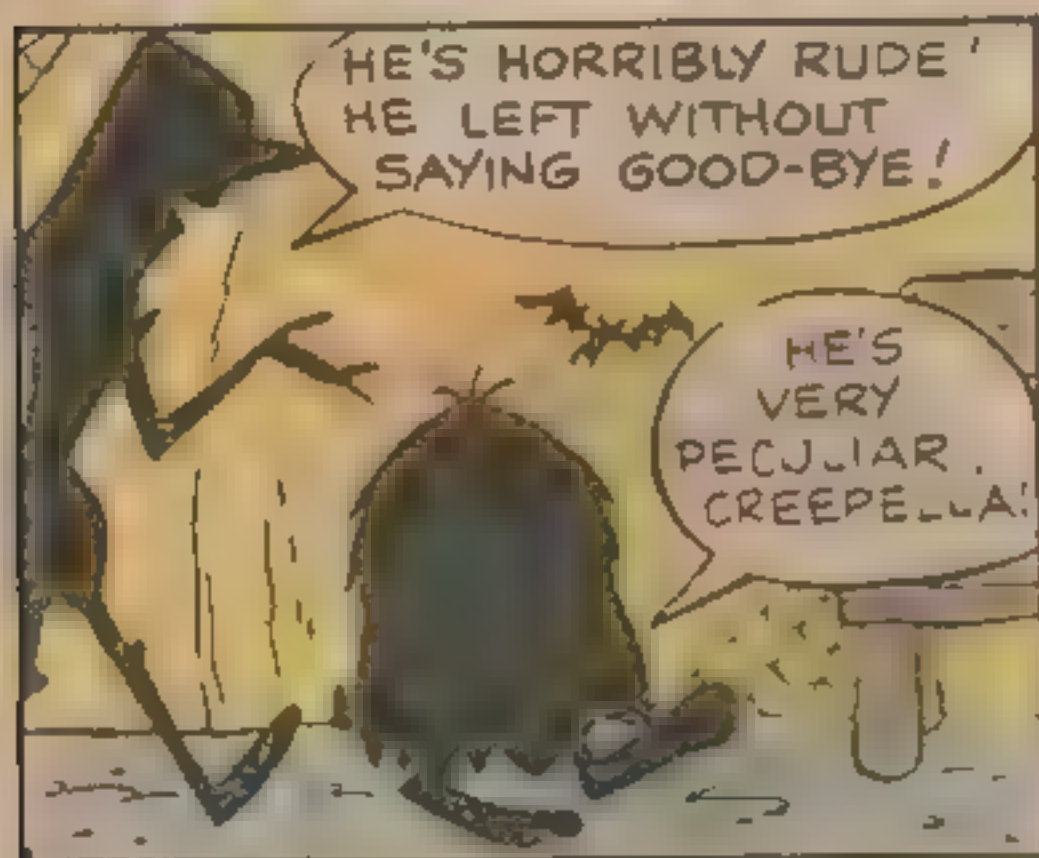
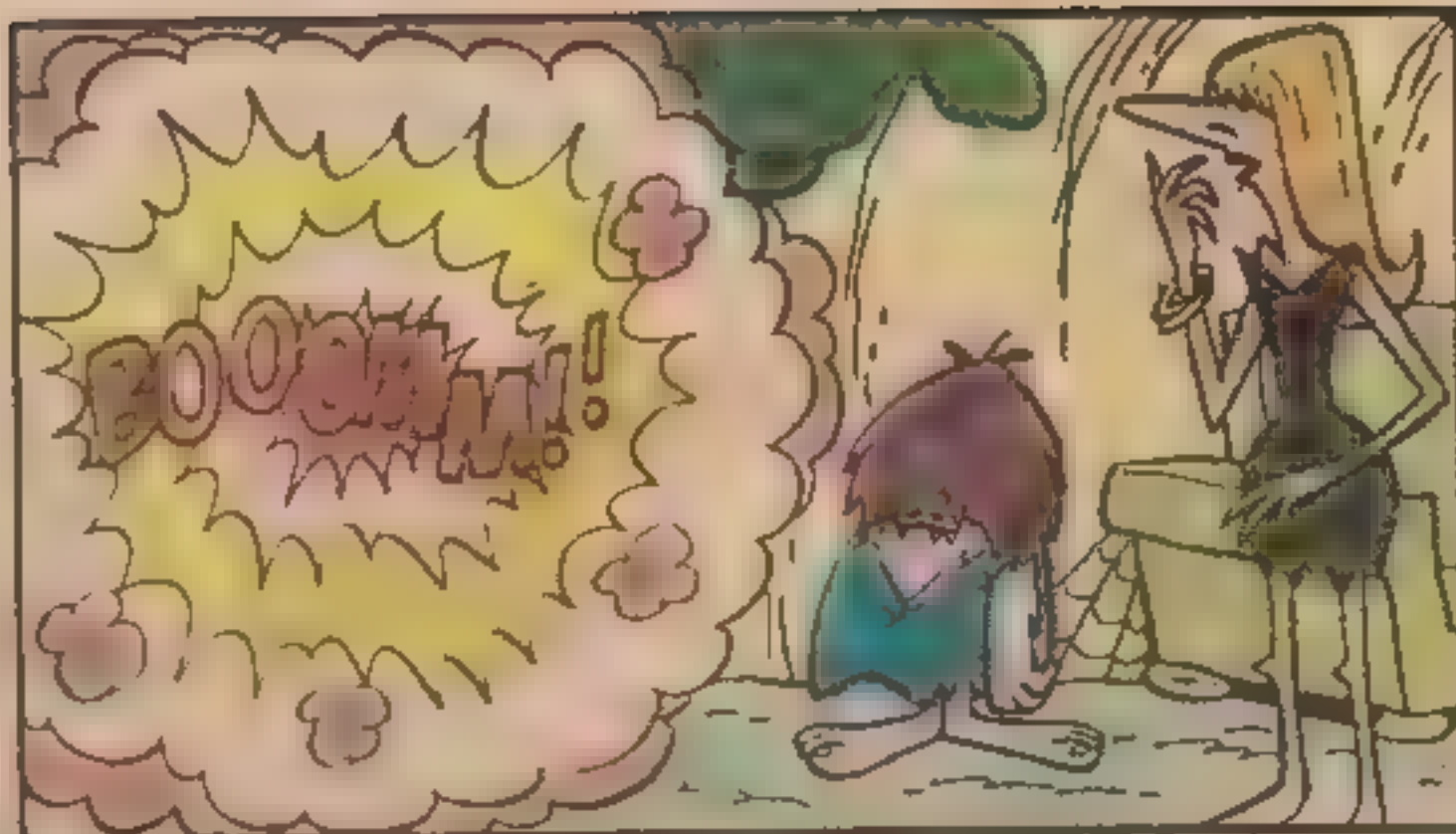
COME BACK HERE,
YOU COWARD!

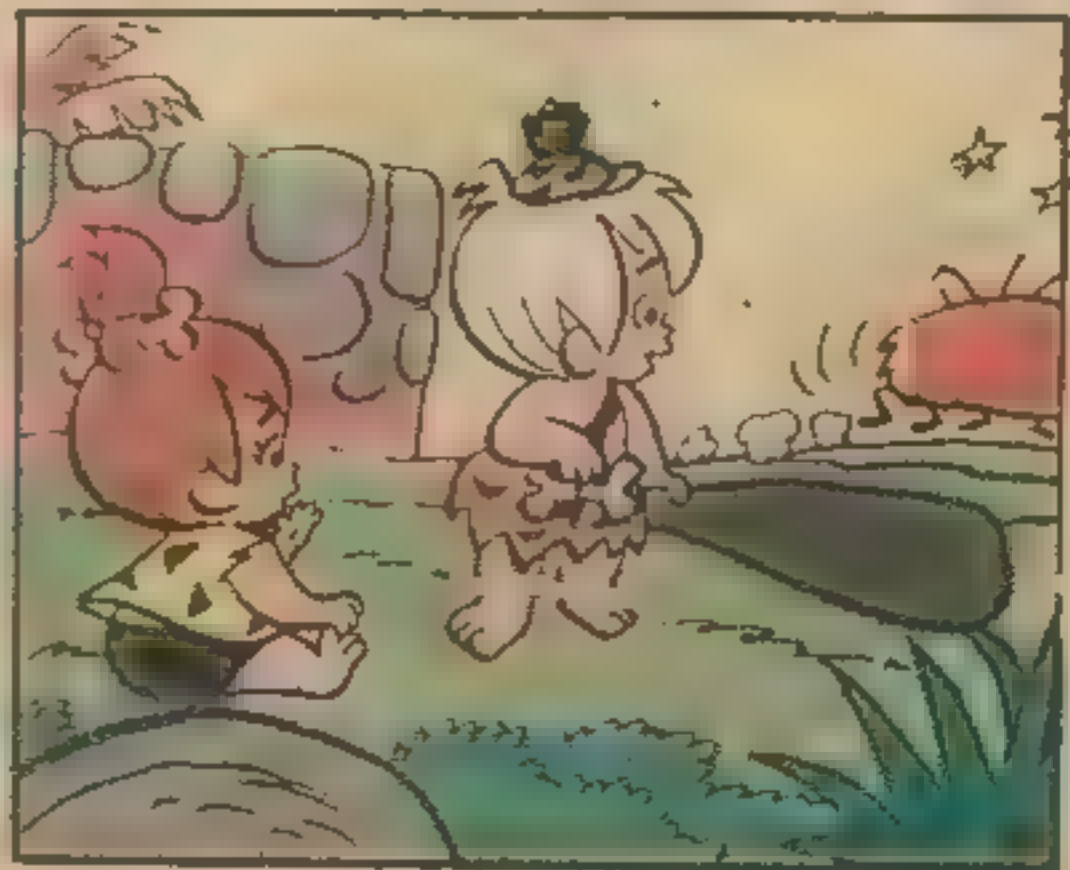
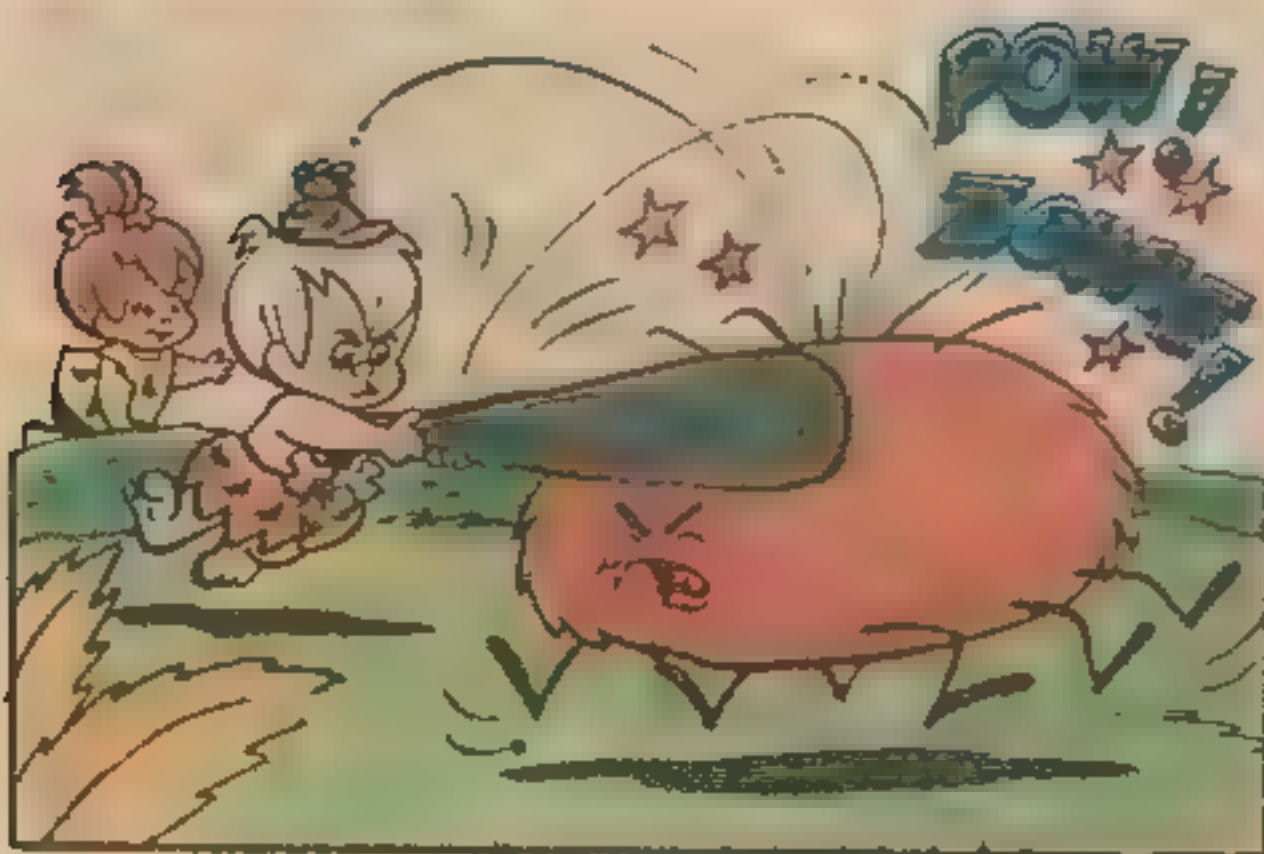
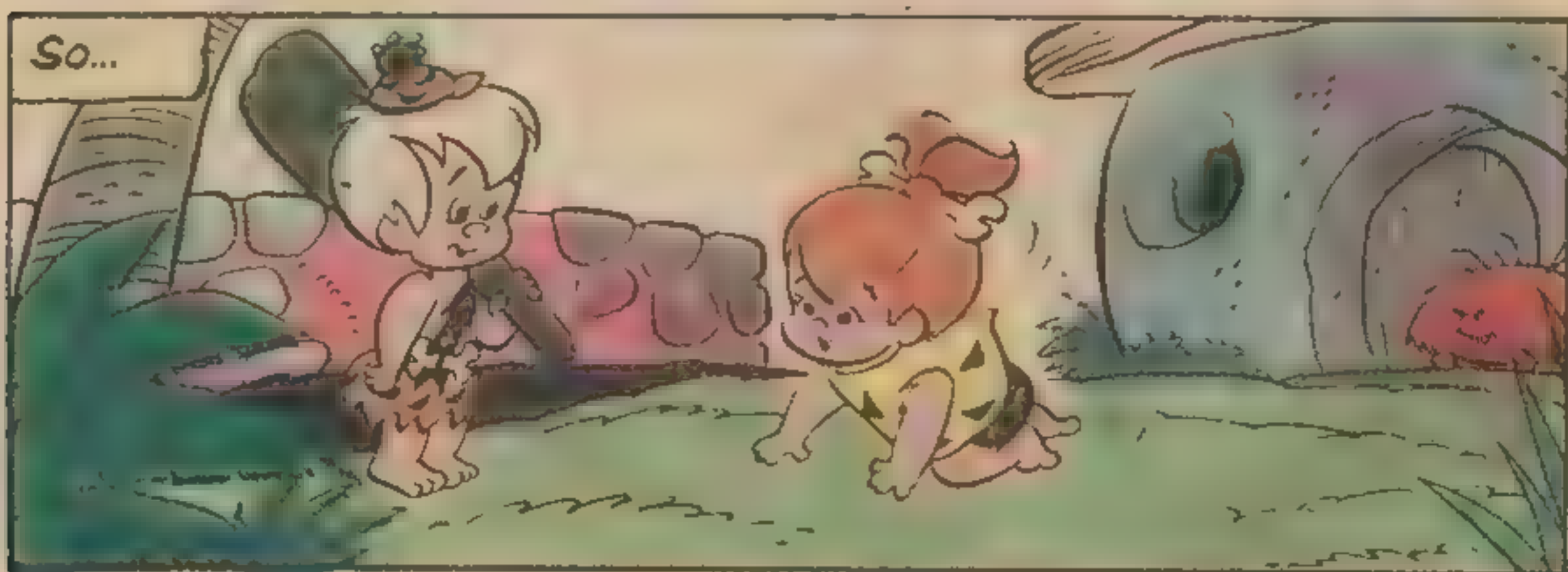
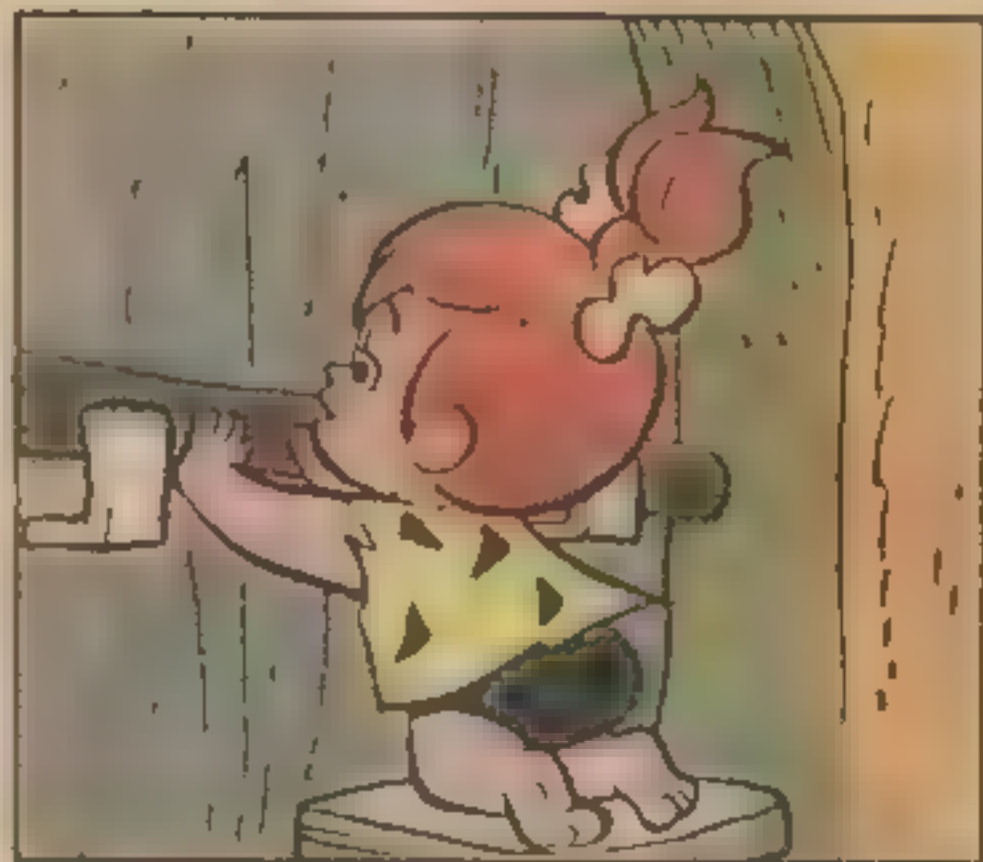
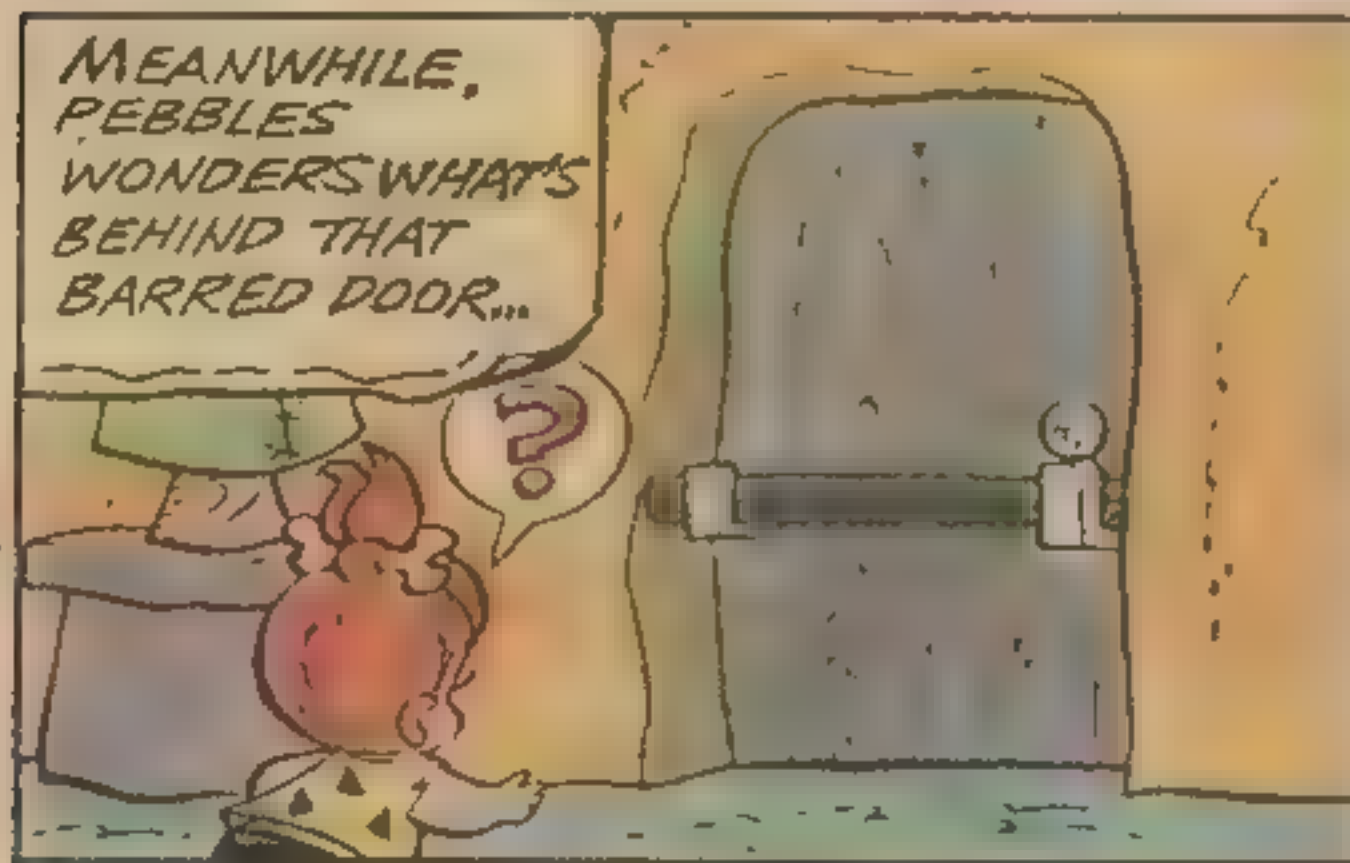
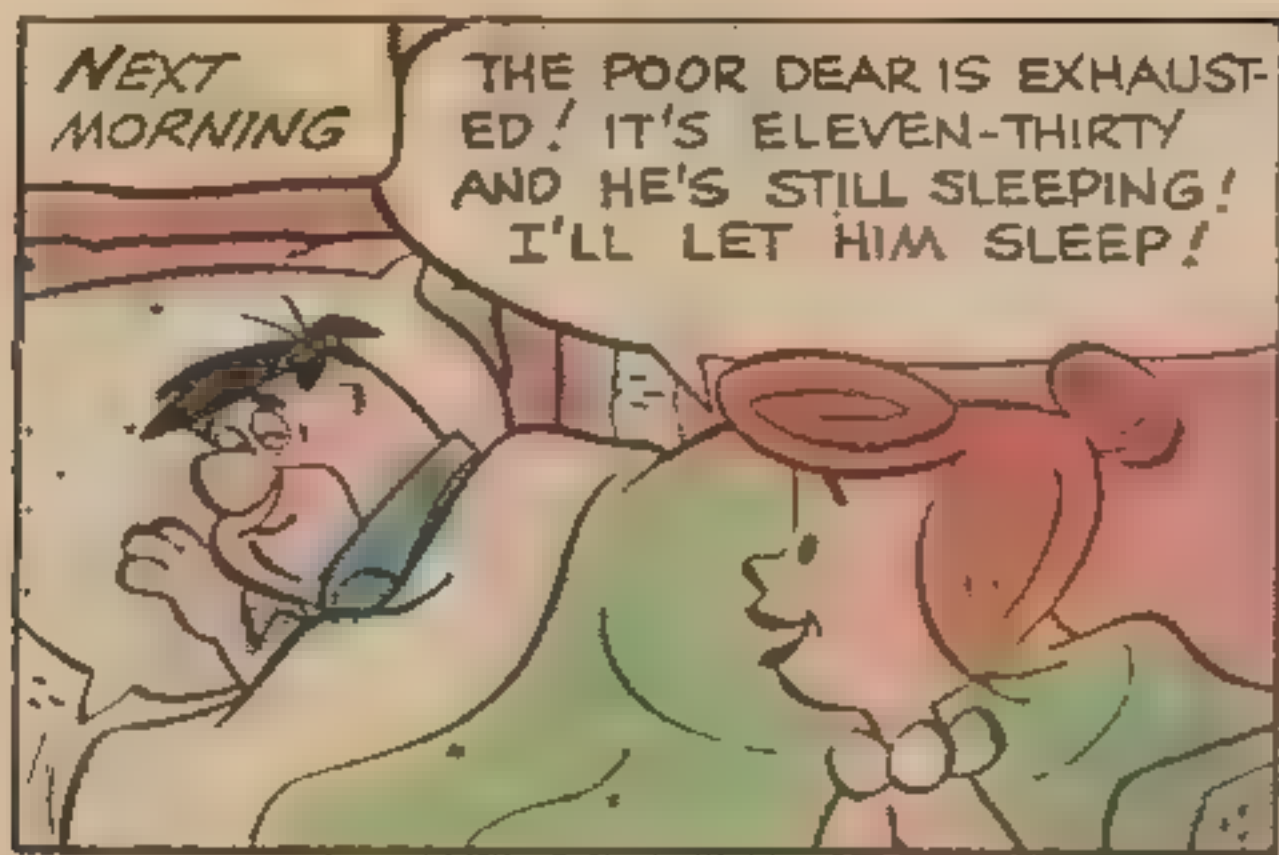


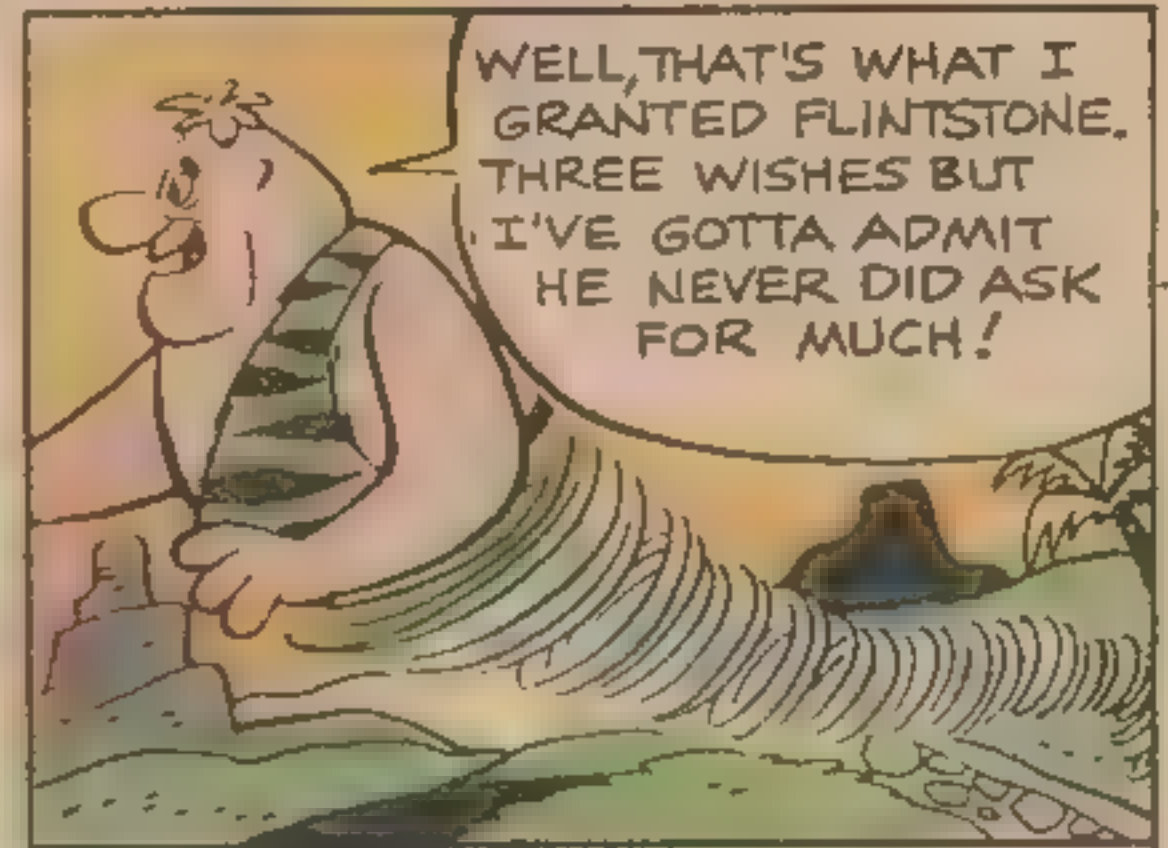
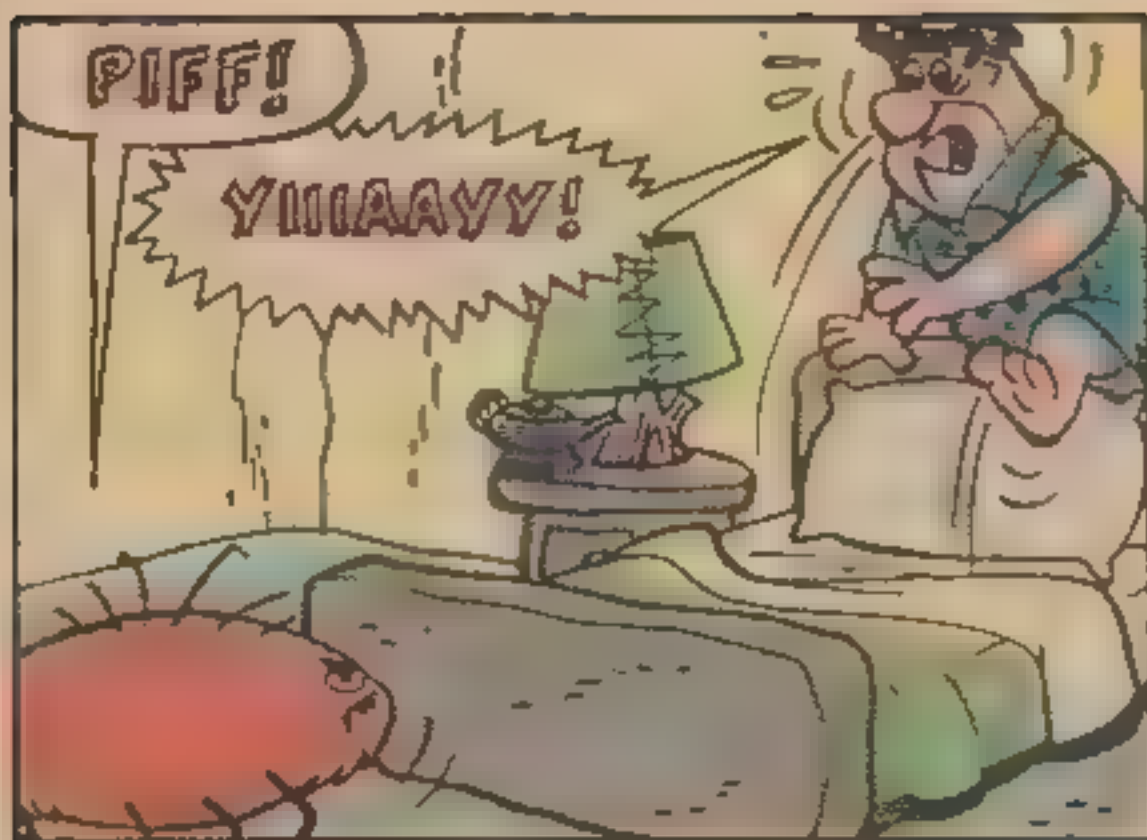
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OH, WHERE OH, WHERE *is there*

I.

V

We are going on an expedition,
For a very important mission,
To get some fresh air,
And when we find the slightest trace,
Regardless of where is the place,
We will let you know where,

Soon there will be a sad tale,
When you find fresh air for sale,
More precious than gold.
I know that we better worry,
And now we should all hurry,
Or we won't grow old!

II.

VI.

We have a very big world map,
Our guide is a very wise chap,
He knows what to do.
We have devised a smart plan,
But we will carry an electric fan,
In case we should find CO 2.

Martians do not need fresh air,
They breath whatever is there,
But we aren't the same.
So start using your smart mind,
A solution we must soon find,
It will bring you fortune and fame.

III.

VII.

I am not a silly old crank,
I just keep Oxygen in my tank,
Should I find Carbon Monoxide.
It is not a very easy task,
To wear that new gas mask,
At least my face it will hide.

It will be a terrible thing,
What a calamity it will bring,
If they ration Fresh Air!
And throughout all the nations,
Will be clean air stations,
To breathe you must go there.

IV

VIII.

Perhaps in outer space,
We may find a trace,
Of Real Pure Air
We may all have to go,
A billion miles or so,
To see if it is there.

There is an easier solution,
All unite and fight pollution,
And the skies will be bright.
Then clean air will be free,
For you and you and for me,
And we can tell day from night.

Harold Gluck

FRESH AIR?

The FLINTSTONES ⁱⁿ Peace and Quiet

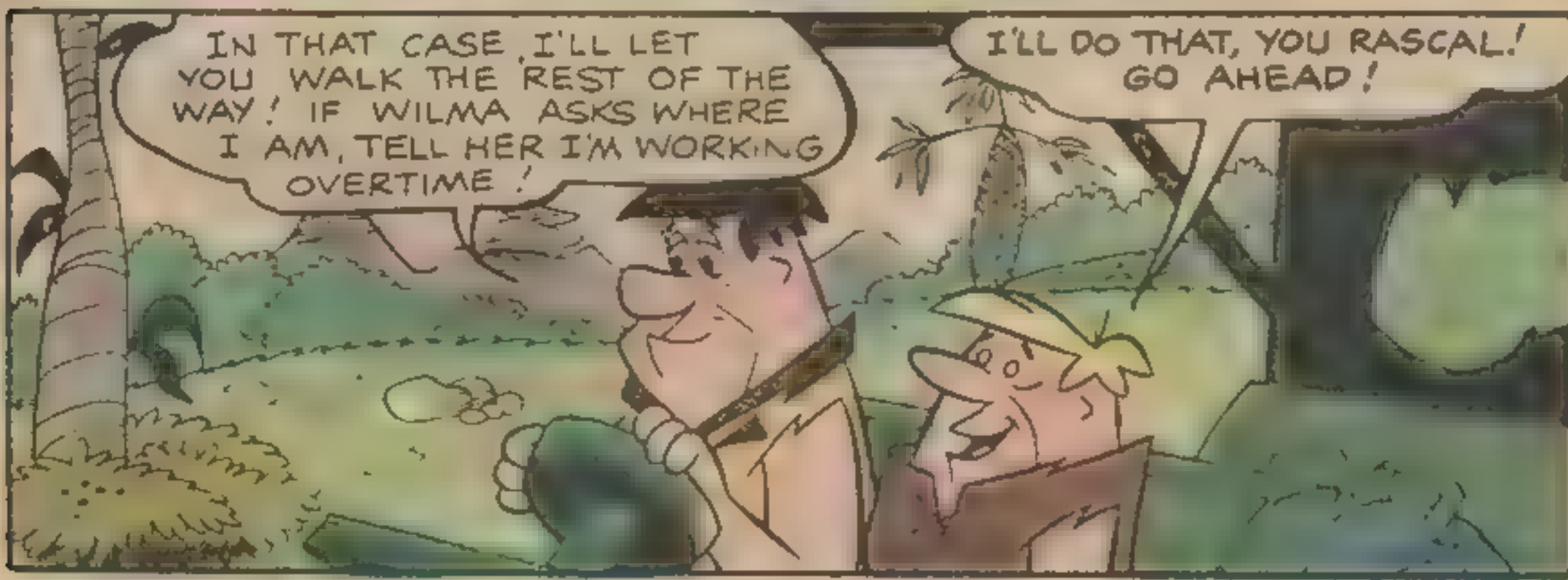
LET'S GO BOWLING WITH THE BOYS TONIGHT, BARNEY! WE'LL HAVE A BLAST!

NOT ME, FRED! I'M GONNA STAY HOME WHERE IT'S NICE AND QUIET! I'VE GOT TO RELAX!

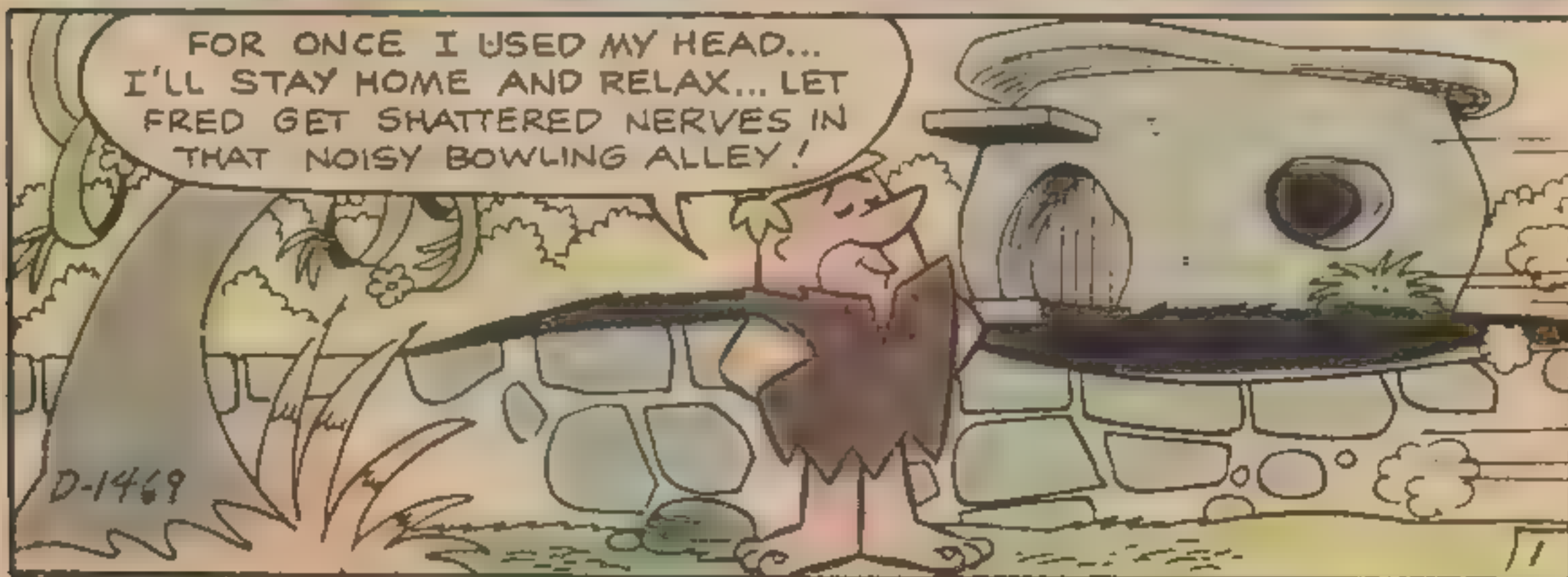


IN THAT CASE, I'LL LET YOU WALK THE REST OF THE WAY! IF WILMA ASKS WHERE I AM, TELL HER I'M WORKING OVERTIME!

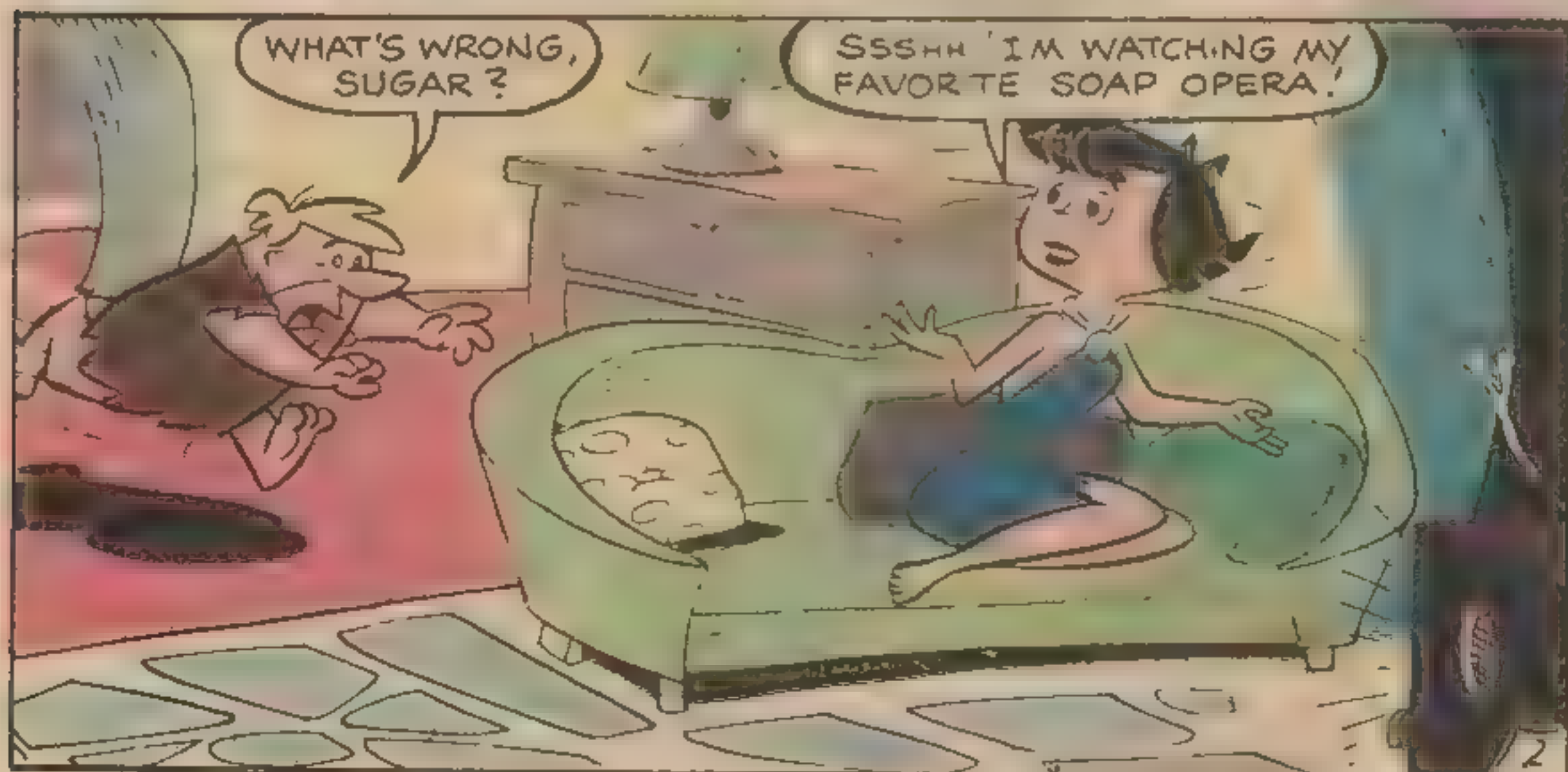
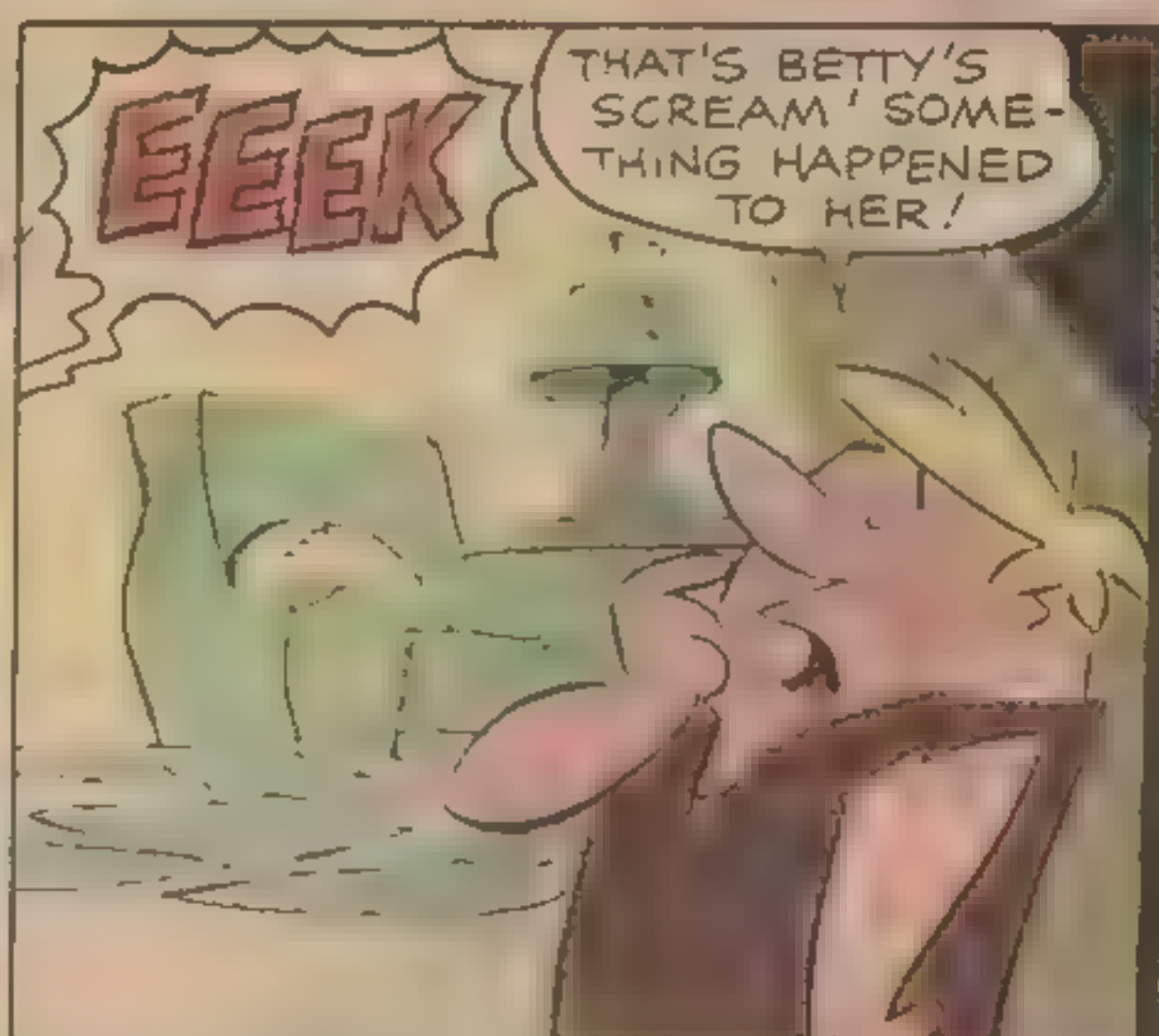
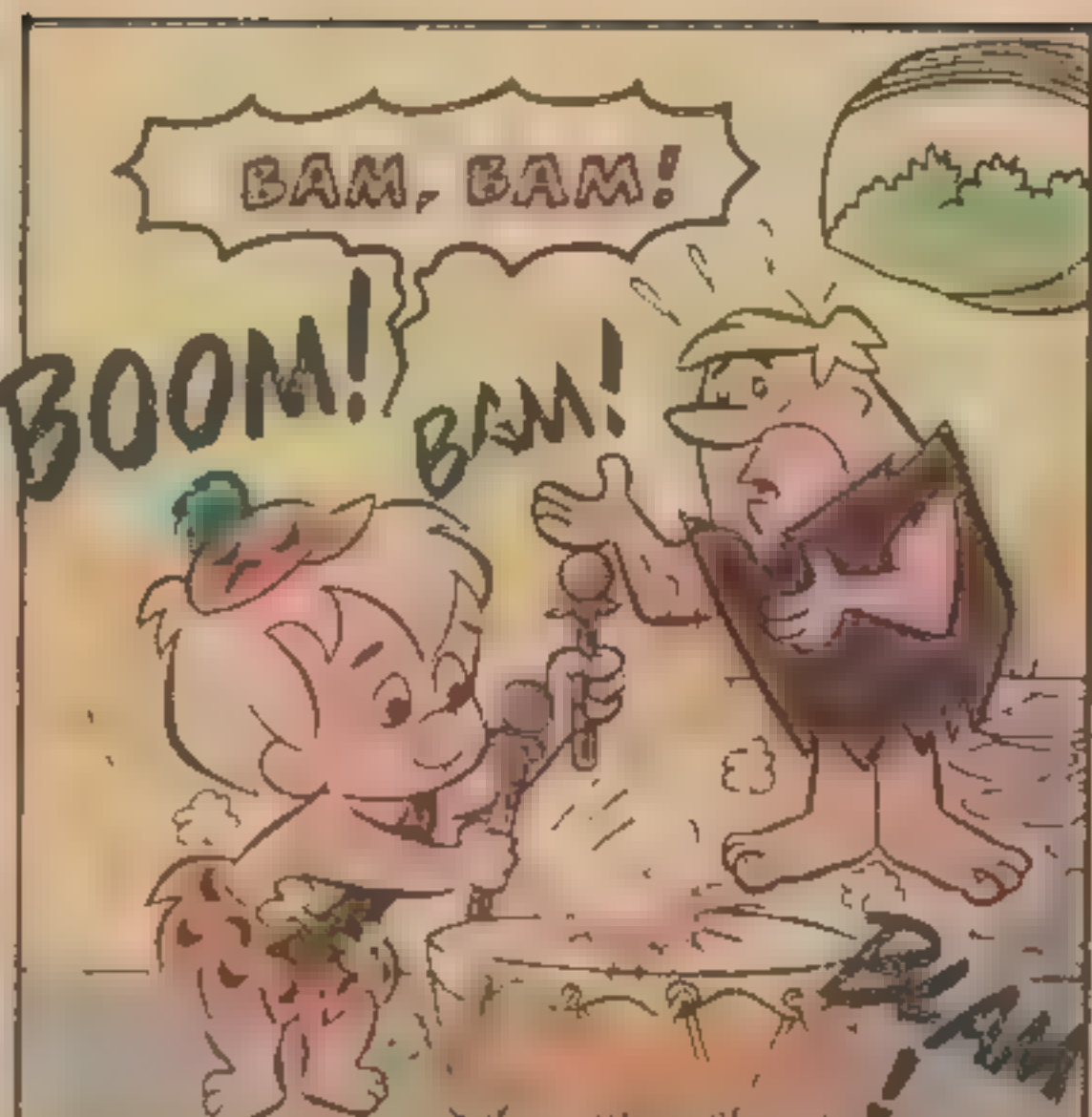
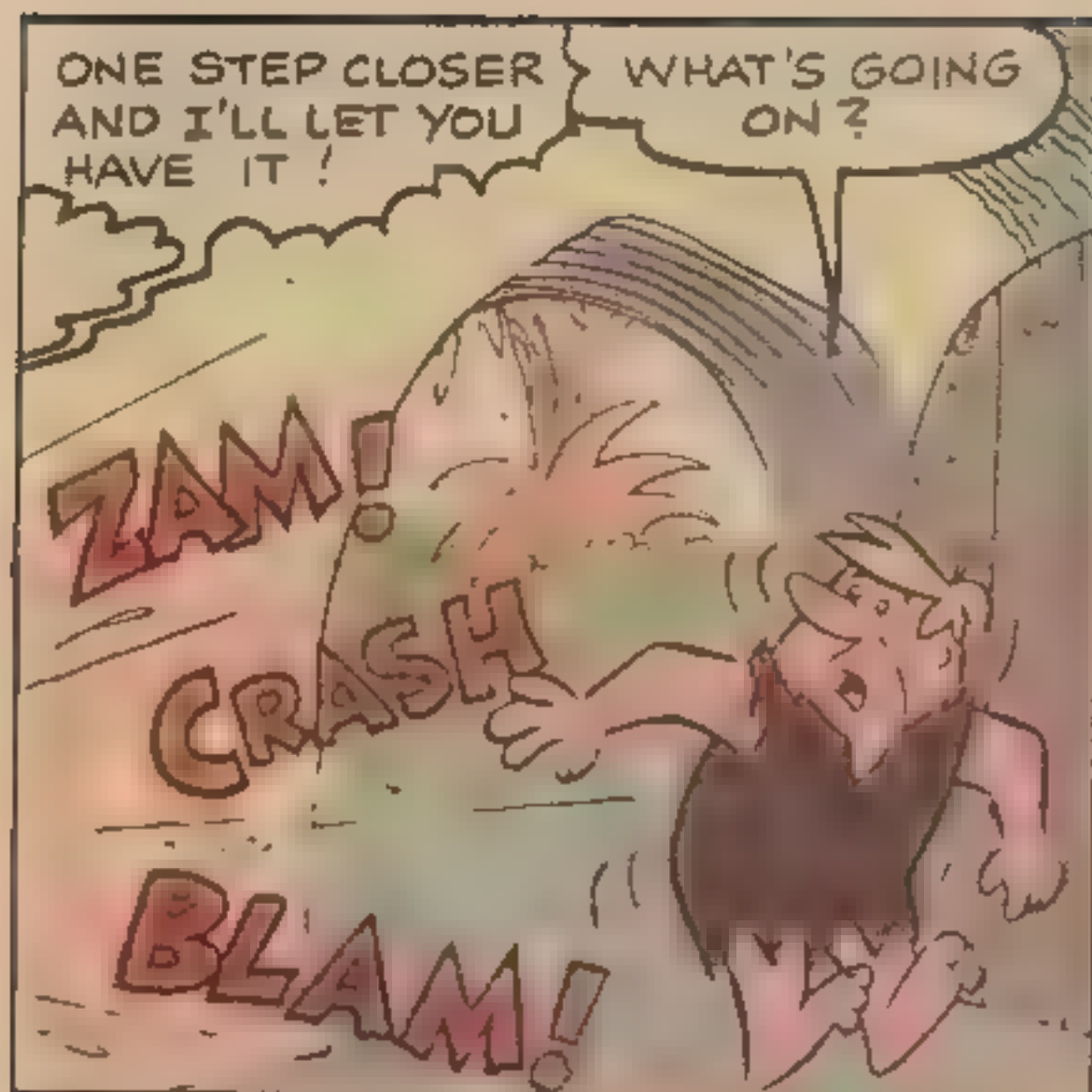
I'LL DO THAT, YOU RASCAL! GO AHEAD!

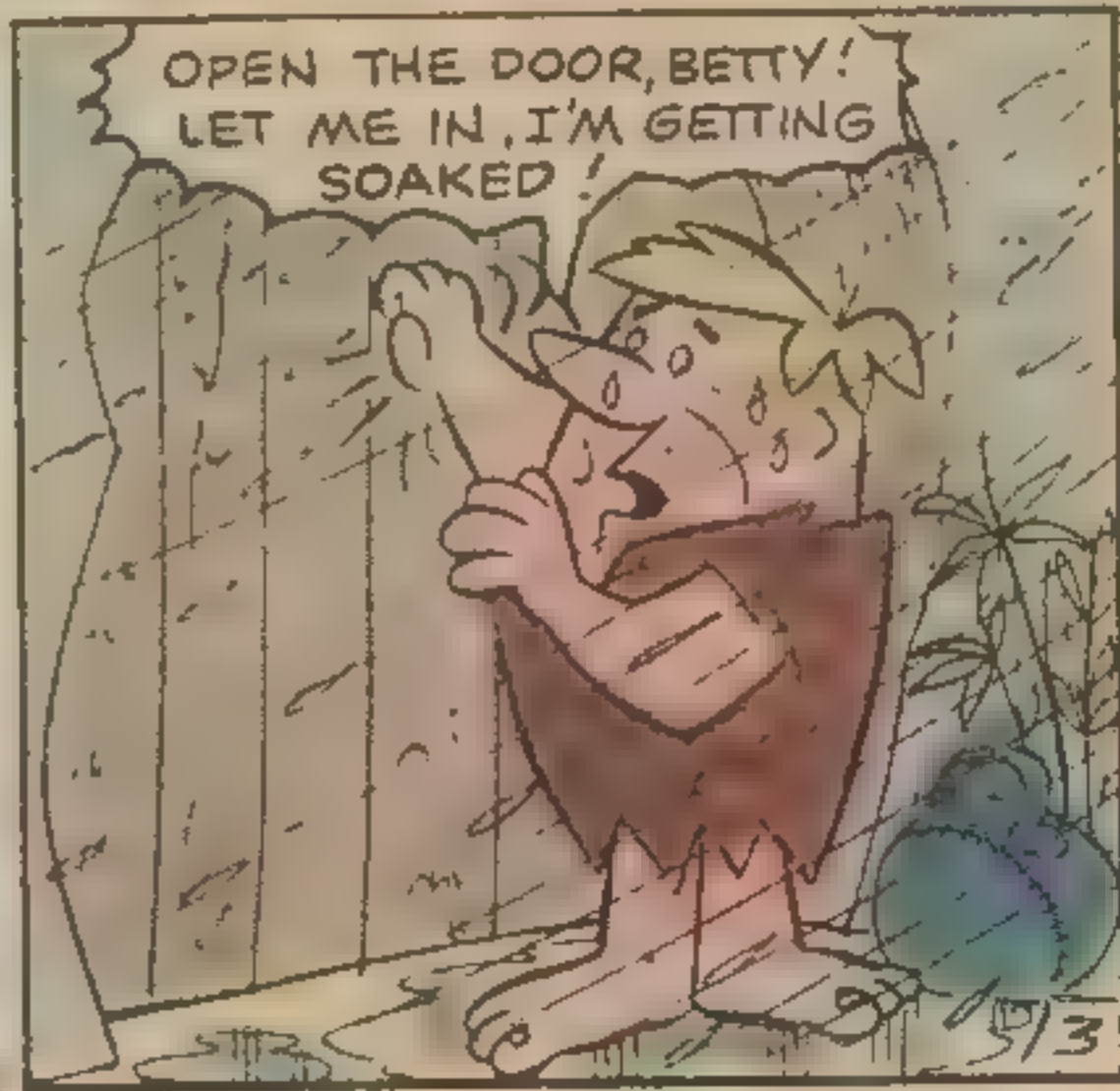
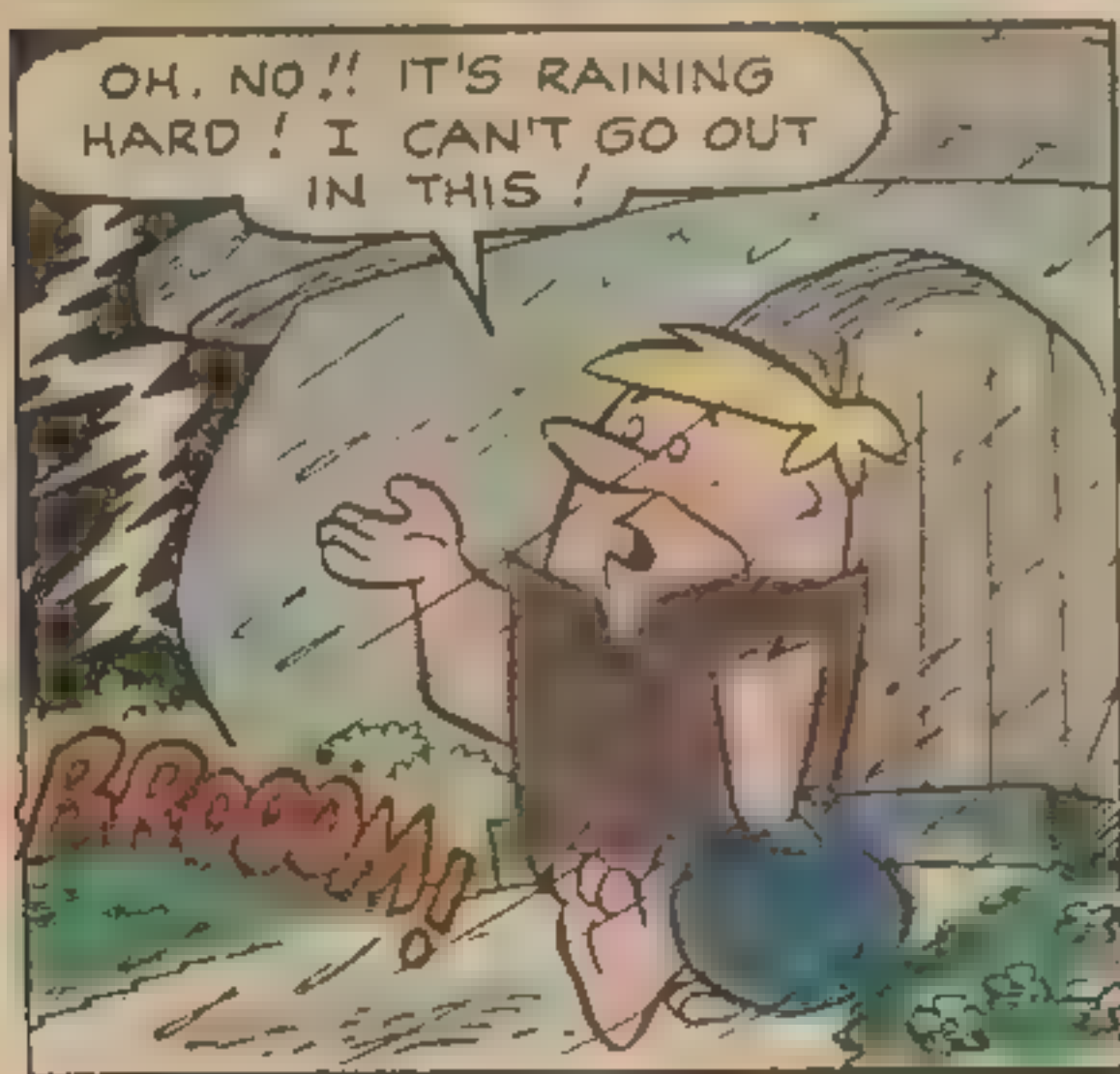
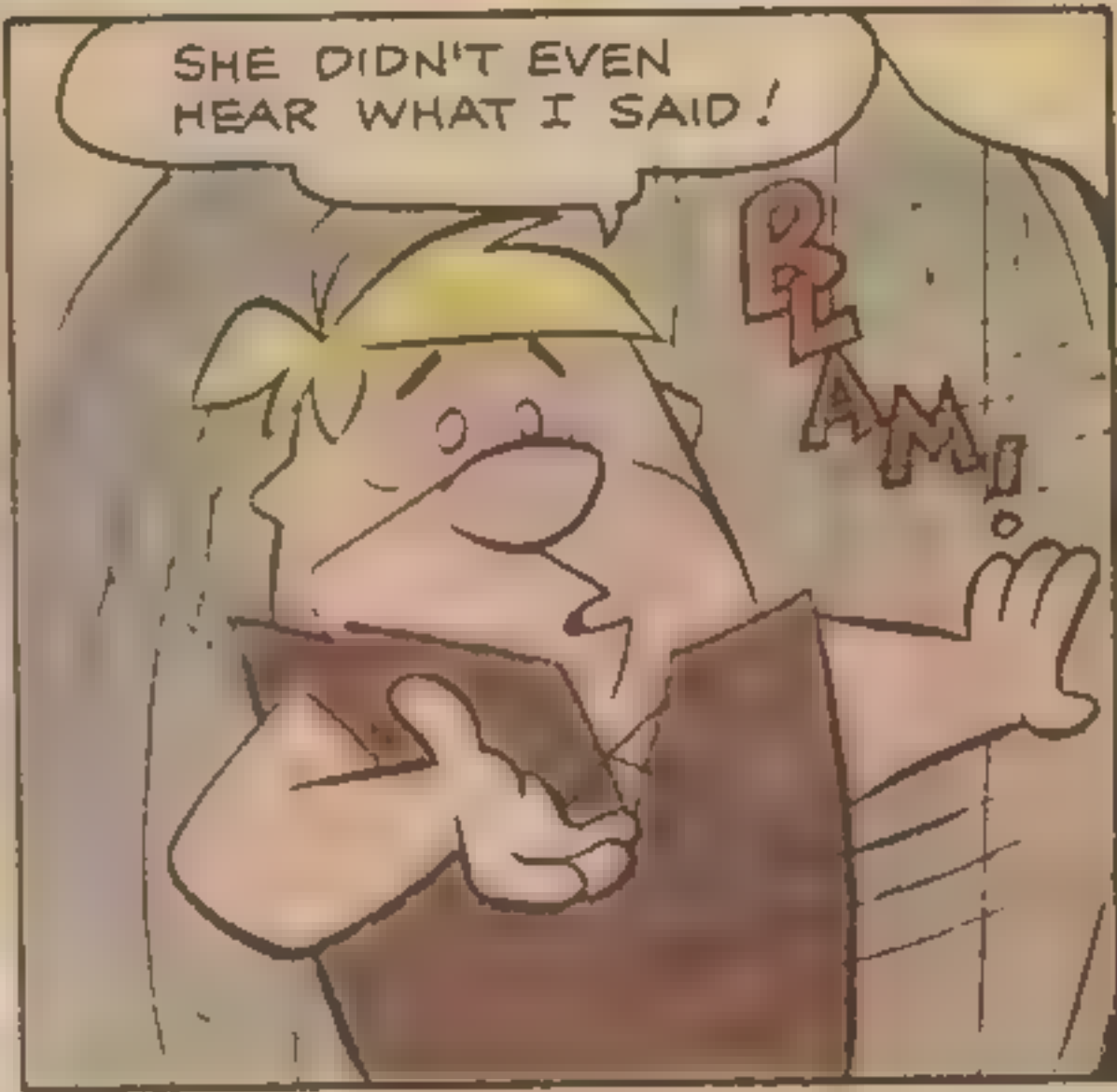
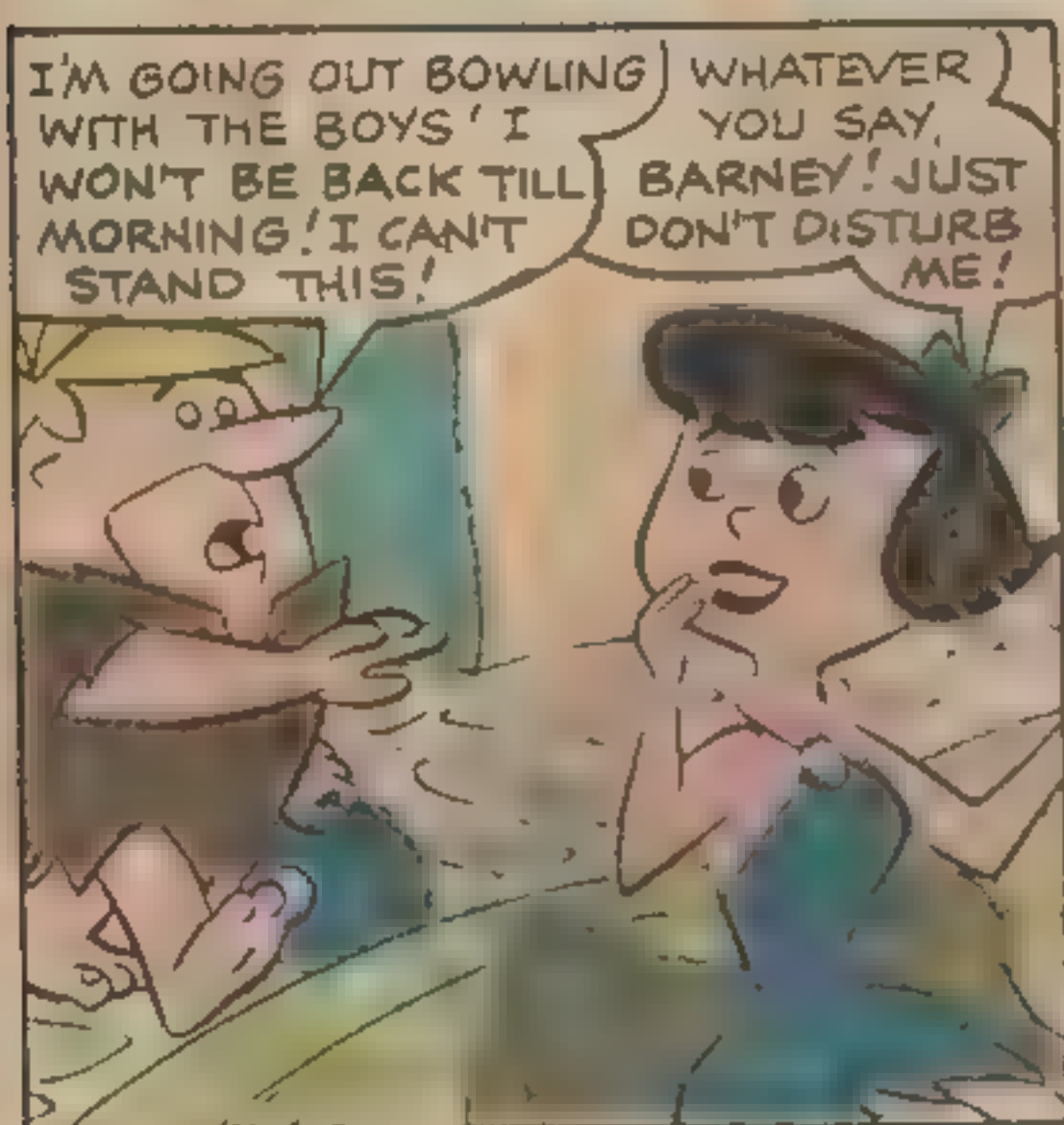
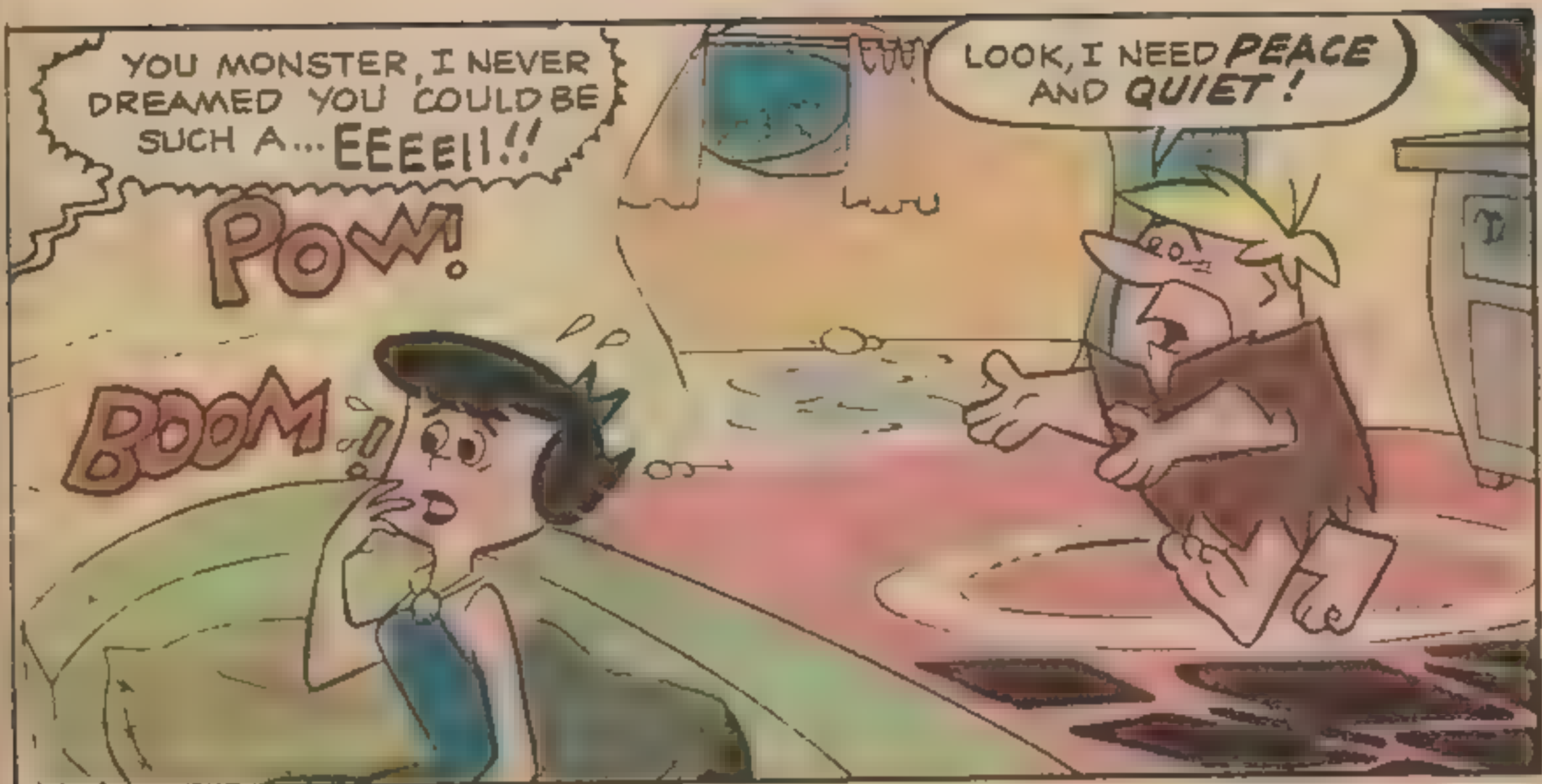


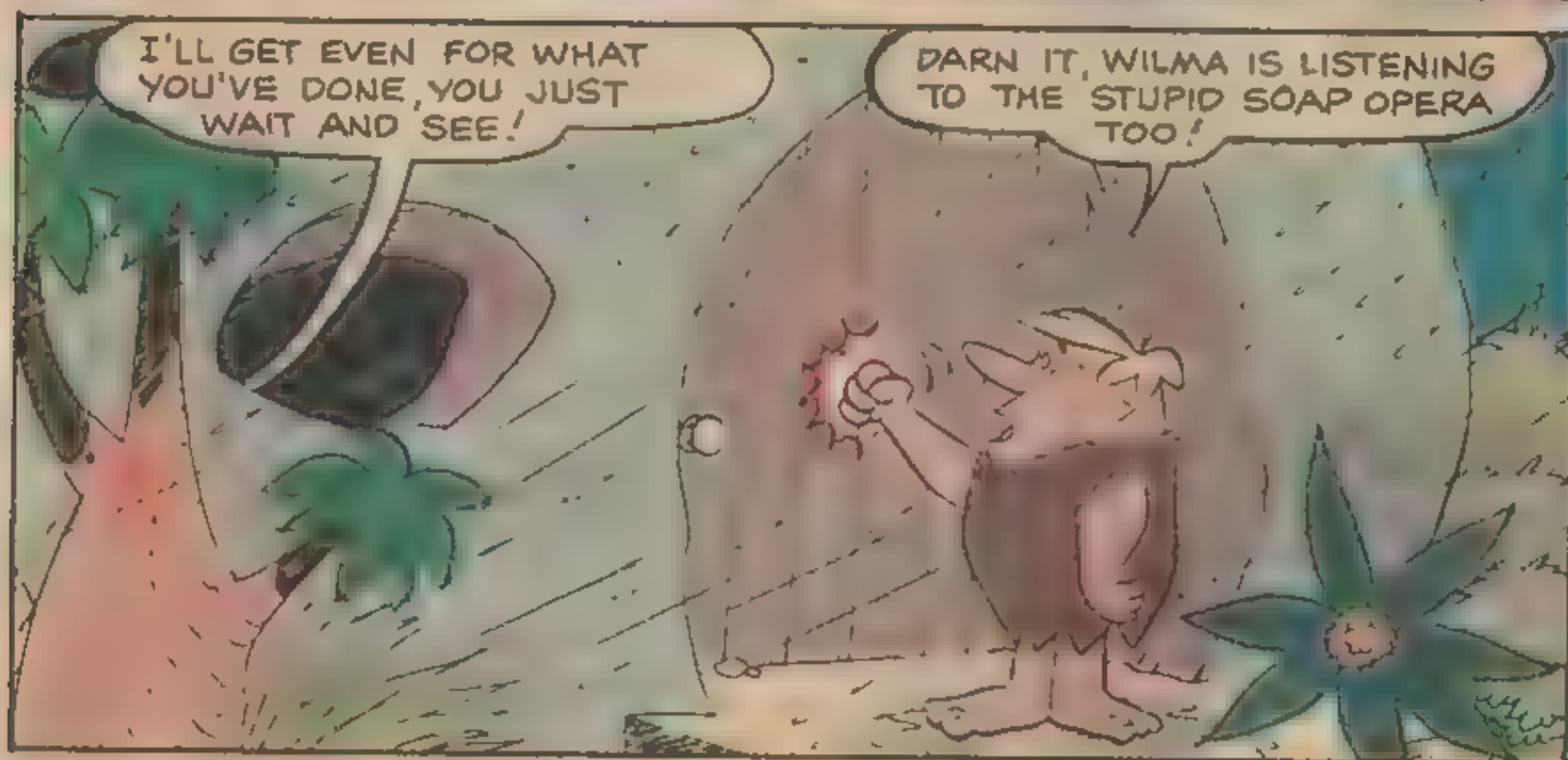
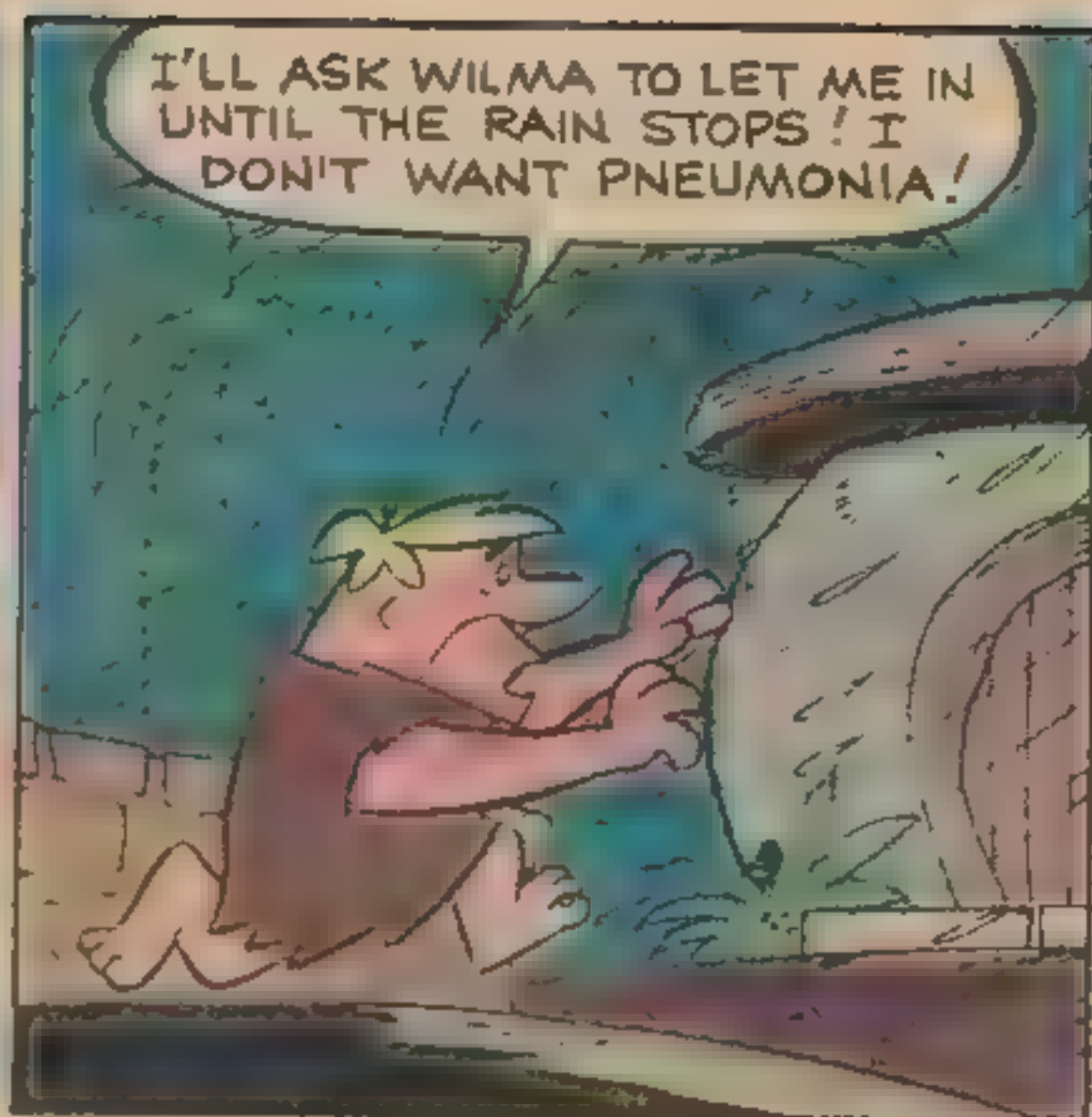
FOR ONCE I USED MY HEAD... I'LL STAY HOME AND RELAX... LET FRED GET SHATTERED NERVES IN THAT NOISY BOWLING ALLEY!

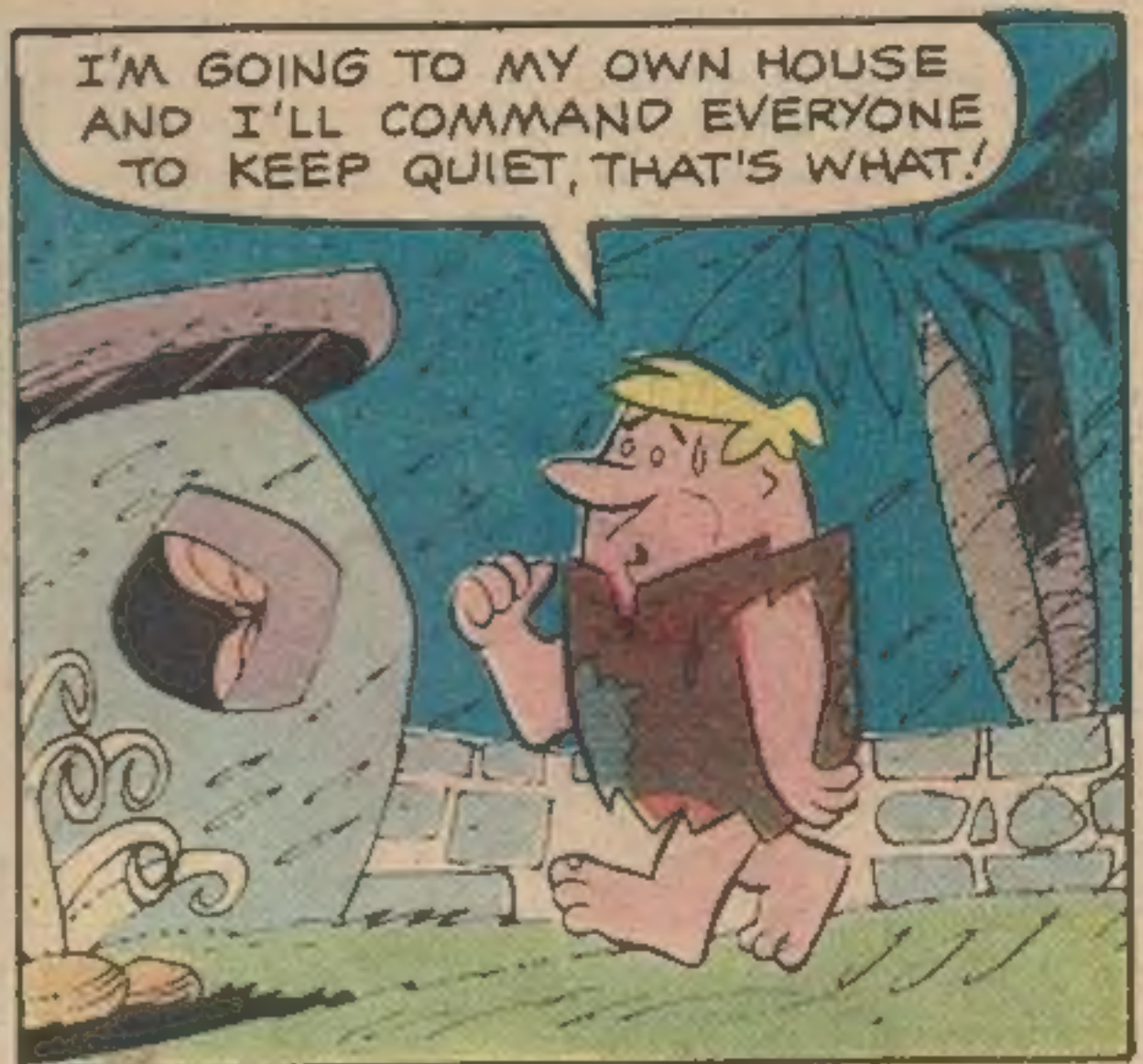
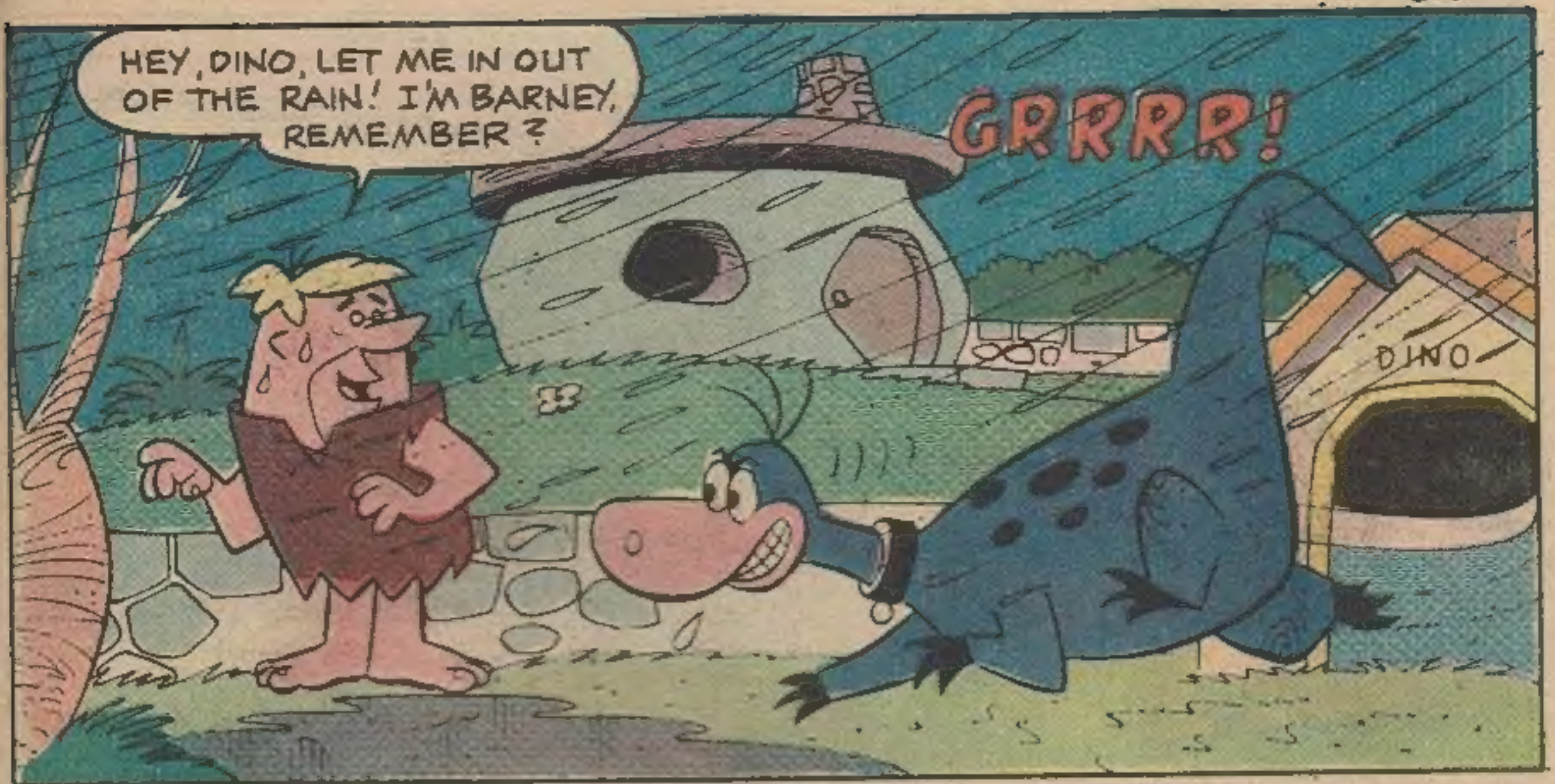


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